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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

¶ Therfore welcome/ mine be right glad and light
Of herte/ of name moste louyngly:
For out of the floure/ moste fayre of sight
Moste full of grace/ sometyme dyd spryngē
Of the whiche/ fully remembryngē
So longe agone spake holy ysaie
When that he sayd/ in this prophecie.

¶ That on this floure/ playnly sholde reste
The holy ghoste/ for hys chosen place
Is for the fayest/ and also for the beste
That euer was/ and moste full of grace
Whose passynge beaute/ no tonges may deface
But euer alyke/ contynueth freshe of hewe
Without fadynge/ the colours is so trewe.

¶ For this is ȳ floure/ that god hym selfe beheld
The whyte Lelye/ of the chelyn dale
The sweete Rose/ of the fayre felde
Whiche all calonse/ with hyr newes pale
The violet/ nat longyng to auale
Purpyll hewyd/ who so be merry and pyte
To socoure all that in aduersyte be.

¶ And from the tyme/ of Joachym and Anne
This holy floure/ had her ofspryngall
To hym afore by signe/ apparayd whan
The angell tolde hym playnly/ that there shall
Of hym be borne/ a mayde inspeciall
Chosen of god/ moste chefe of hys ayse
And for her mekenesse/ hyghe shall sayne.

¶ This is to shewe the holy Patriarche
Of the vnmaryed lyfe Nazarite
The .vij. lyghtes gan begynne of one olyue stondynge
As the Angell in figure dyd it
With sixe a nombre / named Jacob he
Sawe in his fyrst vysyon / lyke as it is founde
In Zacharie the prophet / where hym selfe doth make bolde.

¶ In figure only / that there shold a spryngе
Downe by ordre / out of this kynrede
A dame mayde in myght / and in worshyppe
Pure of entente / bothe in thought and dede
With Aurora / with his beames rede
The myght auoyded / with his copes downe
Hope the vprysyng / of the lyghte sonne.

¶ Lyght is this mayde / at her natiuyte
The vprysyng of oure lorde / with a wope
And lyght Calendyne / moste lusty for to se
Of plesyng vysyte / to chyldren most behope
For she is Aurora / lowly thus as to saye
Out of myserie / the Prophetes gan dawne
The sonne of lyfe / to vs gan ryse downe.

¶ Of whose byrthe / full many a yere before
Abumazar / wrote in speryall
And sayd a mayde / verely shall be borne
Vnder the signe / a bema celestyall
That callyd is the signe Virgynall
The whyche mayde / as he also calle can.
Shall bere a chylde / without spotte of man.

[illegible]

[illegible] the temple [illegible]

[illegible]

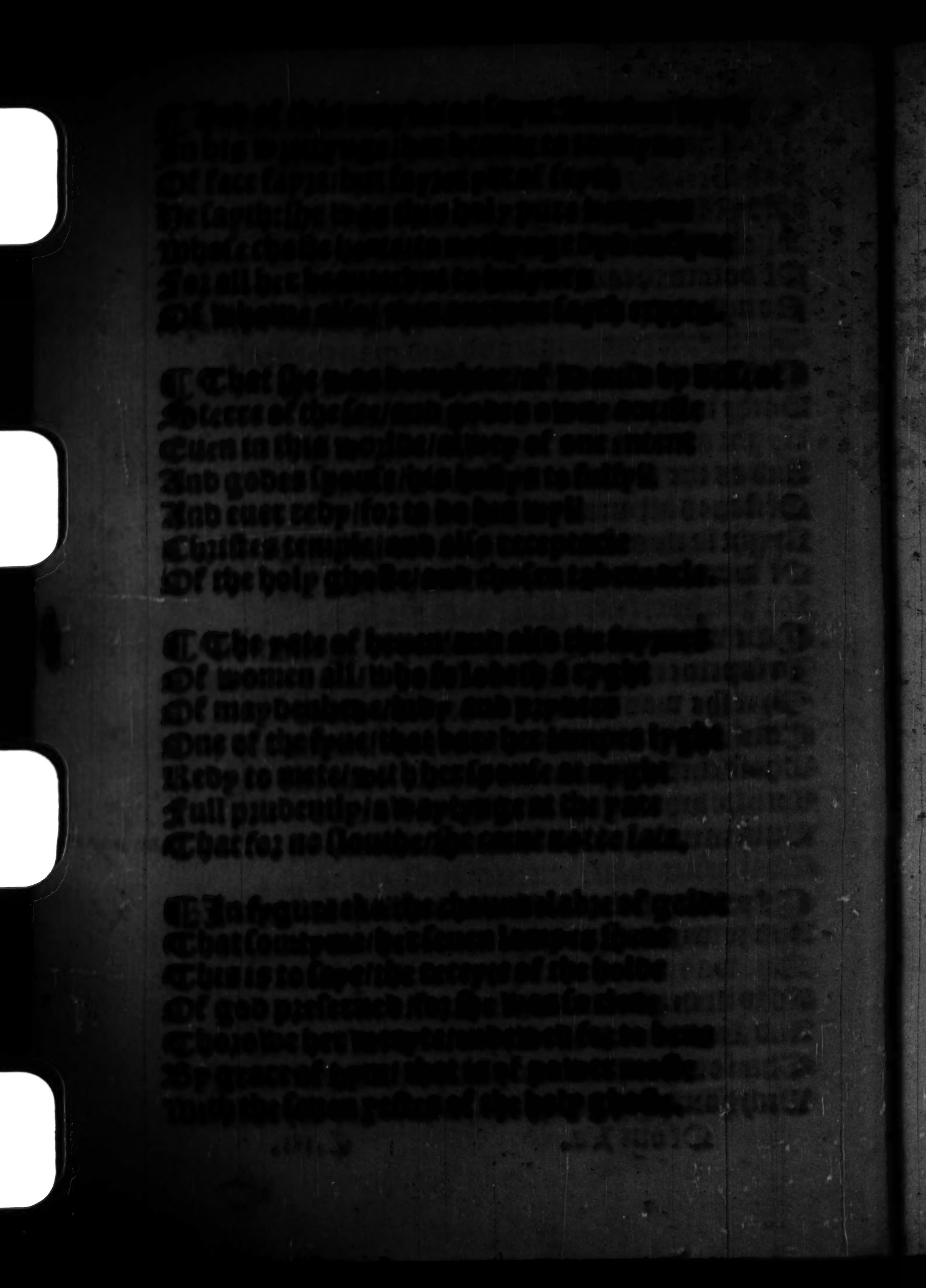
¶ Also that hath be bem my ſpeciall refuge
¶ In my ſore trouble and diſeaſe
For he hath comforted me ſtrengthed to bere ſtraite
¶ Therefore his mercy ſhall endure
And ſtande ever my aſſurance
And all the wicked to confounde
Only by grace ſaue all my ſoule.

¶ Then therefore be his myghty & beſtes hath bewyſe
Of hym that gaue to ſpeciall my pyte
Wherefore the vnfortunate goo and ſtryue
That hys doughter ſhall in the temple abyde
The holy ghoſte doth to be hys guyde
For euer more by goddes purueyaunce
Therefore hys euerlaſtyng dwellyng place.

¶ Forth all hys lyfe there to ſlepe and wake
Hym for to ſerue with humble pacyence
That all may bene myghty enſample take
Of hys alone to lyue in clennes
And ſpecially nat gyue vnchaſtnes
Wherfore preſent vnto vnnumbre and there
Of that hym ſelfe ſpecially myghty here.

¶ Full of bounteouſnes of all entrayle
Hys benne benne that gaue to dwelle in there
And daylye myght myghty to ſerue hym in ayre

Of our Lady. C.i.



Full fervent euer / to her entreaties
And pitie moue them occupiers
And specially to almesdeeds
Her house to be euer redy at the nede.

¶ And bid the boys of euerydeyes
To ryse in all that tide vnto matyns
Well wylled euer / to do hole affection
To euery wight / so longe vnto her herte
And with all thing / that her myght aforne
I loke a myte of her owne sayde
Be dele at fyrst vnto them depenayde.

¶ And in pitaunce of holy prophecye
Take and rede / the founde moste delyte
And when she sawe / and founde in scripture
Of Cristys byrthe / how he dyd wryte
To goo the lyke / her pardee besides wyfe
Desiryng hym / the mygte abyde and se
The blissfull day of his natyuyte.

¶ And in the hole of Elysabeth
That tyrayd is of her ayglons
I fynde ye se this mayde of Nazareth
Euyn euery day / fewen ayglons
That callyd ben her pursuers
With humble herte / this blissfull yonge mayde
Full lowly kneleyng euen thus she sayde.

¶ Here our Lady prayed to god for
fewen persecutors. C4. b.
Of our Lady. D.4

O Blisfull lorde/that knowest the entente
Of euery herte/in thyne eternal syght
yeue me grace/the first cõmaundement
To fulfyll/as it is thylie and tyght
And graunt also/with herte will and myght
And all my soule/and all my knowynge
The fyrst to loue/aboue all other thynge.

And gyue me myght/playnly to fulfyll
The next biddynge/like to thy plesaunce
And for to loue/with herte and all my wyll
Thy neyghbour in dede and countenaunce
Right as my selfe/with euery circumstaunce
And here with all/for ioye and swerte
What thou louest/to loue with all myne herte.

Thy precepte/graunt eke that I may
Fulfyll also/bothe erly and late
In suche maner/as moste is to thy paye
Benygne lorde/and make me for to hate
Wanknydes so/for he made fyrst debate
In kynde of man/and made hym to trespace
Agaynst the/and to lese his grace.

And lorde graunt me/for thy mercy digne
Aboue all thynge/for to haue mekenes
And make me humble/sufferaunt & benygne
With pacience/& inwarde myldenese
Of all vertues/gyue me eke largenese
To be acceptyd/the to queme and serue
To fynde onely thy grace I may deserue.

¶ And also lord/ with quakyng herte & drede
Meekely I praye vnto thy deite
We for to graunte/ of thy godlyhede
The gracious houre/ for to abyde and see
In whiche the holy chosen mayden free
In to this world/ hereafter shall be bore
Lyke as Prophetes hath wrytten here before.

¶ How that she shall/ by thyne election
Be mayde and mother/ to thy lone dere
Nowe good lorde/ here myne oryson
To kepe myn eyen and my syght entyere
That I may se/ her holy halowyd chere
Her sadefid beaute/ & holy countynaunce
If thou grace list/ me so moche auaunce.

¶ And kepe myne eres/ that they may also
Here her speche/ & her dallyaunce
And with my tong speke/ that mayden vnto
Pacyently thorowe her sufferaunce
Of worldly Joye/ this were suffysaunce
And her to loue/ like as I desyre
Benygne lorde/ so let myn herte afyre.

¶ And lord also/ on me saue thou vouche
Though I therto/ haue no worthynesse
That holy mayde/ to handyll and touche
Myn owne lady/ and my maystresse
And that I may/ with humble buxumnesse
Upon my fete/ in al my best wyse
Go vnto her/ for to do seruyce.

¶ And to that floure of vyrgynyte
Graunte also lorde/ that I may haue space
Mekely to bowe & knele vpon me knee
Vnder suppozte/ onely of her grace
And to honour the goodly yong face
Of her sone/ as she dothe hym wrappe
In clothes softe lyggyng in her lappe.

¶ And loue hym best playnly to my laste
With all myn herte/ & myn hole seruyce
Withouten chaunge/ while my lyfe may laste
Right as thy selfe lorde canst best deuyse
So that I may in faythfull humble wyse
In all this worlde/ nomore grace attayne
Than loue hym best with all my myght & payne

¶ And to thy grace also lorde I prayе
To graunt me to fulfyll in dede
Hooly the statutes/ and mekely to obeye
Within the temple/ as I here hem rede
For but thou helpe/ I may no thynge spede
As of my lyfe: & therfore vnto the
All I cõmytte as thou list it be.

¶ The obseruaunces/ & the preceptes all
That to thy temple o lorde ben partynent
So let thy grace by mercy on me falle
That I may do hem/ with all myn hole entẽte
And euery byddyng and cõmaundement
That thy mynystres assygnen vnto me
Make me fulfille/ with al humylite.

¶ And thy temple/ & thy holy house
Benygne lorde/ kepe me from all damage
And make thy people/ to be vertuouse
To thy pleasaunce of euery manet age
Therfore to serue/ with herte & hoole corage
And where they erre/ lorde on any syde
Or thou do right/ let mercy be her guyde.

¶ And thus this mayde/ alway day by day
In the temple makith her prayers
To please god/ what she can or may
The chyef resorte/ of all her desyres
Tyll she attayne/ to fourtene yeres
With herte auowyd/ bothe in thought & dede
For to contynue in her maydenhede.

¶ Of whose entent god/ wote ful vnware
Wherin sūme of them/ that in the temple abyde
Of whiche a bisshope/ callyd Abyathar
Cāst hym fully/ for to sette a syde
Her purpose playnly/ and so for to prouyde
That her auowe made of chastyte
Shulde not holde/ but vtterly that she.

¶ Shold be wedded sothely yf he myght
Unto his sone/ of hygh affection
For that she/ in euery wyghtes sight
So passyng good of condicion
And to fulfyll/ his entencion
Abyathar byhoteth golde and rente
To the bisshoppes/ to make her to assente.

¶ To this purpose/ & to her they gone
And what they may/ they gan her excite
And to afferme/ to her euerichone
With lugred tonges/ of many wordes whyte
That god aboue/ doth hym more delyte
In birthe of childzen/ than in virgynite
Or any suche/ auowyd chastite.

¶ And more in childzen/ is honoured in certayn
And more in hem/ hath he his pleasaunce
Than in suche/ as ben not but barayn
Without fruyt/ thorowe mysgouernaũce
And holy wrytte/ maketh remembraunce
That no man was sothely for to tell
Without seed/ blessed in Israell.

¶ To whom anone/ with loke downe cast & chere
Benygnely/ & in full humble wyse
This holy mayde/ sayd as ye shull here
Certes quod she/ yf ye will you auyse
Whiche in your selfe/ so prudent ben and wyse
And well aduerte/ in your discressioune
That Abell somtyme had a dowble croune.

¶ One for his faithfull trewe sacrifise
Offryng to god/ of humble herte and free
And another/ as I shall deuyse
For he his body/ kept in chastite
And Ely eke/ as ye may rede and see
For he in herte/ was a mayden clene
He was rauysshed/ aboue the sterres seuene.

¶ Body and all/in a chare of fyre
For he hym kepte/from all corrupcion
Therfore in vayne/is playnly your desyre
To speke with me/of this oppynion
For god wel knoweth/myn entencyon
Howe I haue vowyd/as it to hym is couthe
To be a mayde/fro my tender youthe.

¶ And all my lyfe/so forth to persewere
For lyfe or deth/onely for his sake
From whiche purpose/shall I not dissewere
Thorowe his grace/whether I slepe or wake
To kepe and holde/I haue vndertake
My maydenhede/sithen so full yore
Ayaynst whiche nat/be bith to me nomore.

¶ And whan they sawe/her herte not mutable
But euer stedfast/of one affection
And euer clothe as one centre stable
They haue made a conuocacion
Of all the kynredes/in conclusion
The eyght day/for to come in fere
By one assent/to trete of this matere.

¶ This is to say/that of olde vsage
Of custome kept/for a memoriall
That euery mayde/of fourtene yere of age
Riche and poore/of the stocke ryall
In the temple/no lenger dwell shall
But be statute/shall be take and maryed
By the lawe/and no lenger tarryed.

¶ And whan they were assembled al in one
Isacar in oppn audyence
Gan to pronounce / afore hem euerichone
Ful prudently / the sume of his sentence
And said lires / with your pacience
So yt your eres offende not ne greue
Declare I shal / my meyning with your leue.

¶ If ye remembre sithen Salamon the kynge
Of Israel ceptre bare and crowne
In this temple / so ryal in byldyng
Haue yong maydens by deuysion
Of custome had / her conuersacion
Bothe kynges doughters & prophytes eke
As ye may synde / yf ye lyst to seke.

¶ But to the age of fourtene yere
Abyden here and no lenger ofspake
As ye wel knowe / withouten any were
And than be remeuyd from her place
And in her stede other dyd pace
As custome was / & eche in her lynage
Delyuerd was vnto mariage

¶ And as a lawe it hath be kept full trewe
Vnto this tyme / in hygh & lowe estate
But now Ignorance / hath fonde an ordre newe
To kepe her clene and inuyolate
Agaynst whiche / there helpith no debate
For of fre chose / and hertely volunte
She hath to god / auowed chastyte.

Wherfore me lemeth it were well sittyng
To her purpose by good discressyon
Fyrst that we myght fully haue knowyng
Of goddes wyll in this oppynion
For thant were a more perfection
Her clene entente as lemyth vnto me
And eke the stronger of auctorite.

Fyrst that we myght knowe verely
To whose kepyng she shall commytted be
And they assenten herto veraly
Withouten more of hygh or lowe degre
And of accorde & of one vnyte
The prestes all begonnen to procede
To cast lotte downe by eche kynrede.

The whiche lotte on Juda fyll anone
As I suppose ethrogh goddes purueaunce
And Jssacar amonge hem euerichone
Purposed hath a newe ordynaunce
That euery wyght of that allyaunce
That wyfles were withouten more delaye
Shulde bryng a yerde agaynst the next daye.

And to the bisshop hyest of echone
Euerych of hem dyd his yerde bryng
Amonge whiche Joseph had brought one
Though he were olde & passed his lykynge
And he alone made his offeryng
To god aboue and a sacrifyse
In the olde lawe suche as was the guyse.

¶ And god to hym than dyd appere
And with the perdes/ bad that he sholde gone
And put them euerichone in fere
In sancta sanctorum/ liggyng one by one
And in the morowe/ to come agayne echone
Eueriche his perde/ to receyue agayne
And vpon whiche perde/ onely were seyne.

¶ A downe appere/ and vp to heuen flee
He shall haue/ without more obstacle
Warie in keppyng/ so fayre vpon to see
As it is right/ for the hygh myracle
And whan they come/ to the tabernacle
As ye haue herde/ the bisshop deuoutely
Eueriche his perde delyuerd vp and vp.

¶ But vtterly vpon none them of alle
At thylke tyme/ was theyre nothyng sayne
For godes heste/ was nought ye ytalle
Of her delyre/ to put hem in certeyne
Wherfore the bisshop/ with newe fyre agayne
Entred is in to the senturye
And whyle that he a whyle there gan tarye.

¶ Godes angell appered to hym newe
Downe fro heuen/ by myracle sent
And tolde playnly/ the heste of god was trewe
But howe hym selfe/ was somwhat negligent
For to delyuer by cõmaundement
Euery man his perde/ as he oughte
And whan the bisshop aright hym bethoughte.

The gan remembre/playnly in his mynde
That of disdayne/and wylfull negligence
The yerde of Joseph was left behynde
Whereby he knewe/that he had done offence
And gan alone/to bringe hit in presence
And toke hit Joseph deuoutely in his honde
Amonge hem all there they dyd stonde.

All behynde disseuered/from the pres
With humble chere/in the lowest place
And of this yerde/in maner recheles
Full stylle of porte/with a dredfull face
And whan he did with his hande embrace
His yerde agayne full deuonayce of loke
For Innocence of humble drede he quoke.

And sodenly through grace/aboue deuyne
All openly in euery wyghtes sight
Upon the yerde of Joseph full benygne
Was seen a dowue/of feetheris lyly whight
That towarde heuen toke the flight
And with one voyce the people tho abrayde
And vnto Joseph/all attenes sayde.

Blessed arte thou/& blessed is thy chaunce
Thy face blessed/& thyne aduenture
And blessed is thyne humble attendaunce
And thou are blessed so longe tendure
For to pollede/so feare a creature
So good/so holy/now in thy passyng age
So clene a mayde/to haue in mariage.

¶ And she alone/ by precepte of the lawe
Assigned was/ vnto his gouernaunce
But sely Joseph/ gan hym to withdrawe
With humble chere/ & shamefast countenaunce
And said certes/ there is none accordaunce
Betwene her youth/ & ryping in fayrnesse
And me/ whome age with palsye doth oppresse.

¶ For she is fayre & freesshe/ as rose in maye
And well I wote/ also a mayden clene
And I am olde/ with whyte lockis graye
Passed full fore/ my tender yeres grene
Wherfore I praye you to condyscende and lene
To accorde discordaunt/ saith to me no more
Bitwene her beaute/ & my lockis hore.

¶ And whan the bysshop sawe the humble entent
Of this Joseph/ and the Innocence
And howe that he to take her nolde assent
To hym he sayd/ in open audience
Joseph he sayde/ take hede to my sentence
And be well ware/ that thou the not excuse
Agaynst the wyll of god/ for to refuse.

¶ This holy mayde/ assigned vnto the
By open signe/ whiche all the people saye
Thorugh goddes grace/ & myghty volunte
Agaynst whiche he ware to disobeye
And thynke howe he somtyme made to deye
Abiron and Dathan/ onely for the offence
Done to hym/ of inobedyence.

¶ Quod Joseph/that wyll I not in nothyng
To godes wyll ne biddyng contrayre
But her accepte/in to my kepyng
For whome god hath shewed signes fayre
Whiche is so good benygne/and debonayre
That I to her/wyll seruaunt bee guyde
Tyll for her/god list bet to prouyde.

¶ And as the custome of the lawe hem bonde
So made was the confirmacion
Be heste of wedloke/betwene hem hande in hande
And he her toke/to his possession
With herte clene/and meke affeccion
But whyle he went to Betheleu the cyte
Marie abyde styll in Galilee.

¶ How Joseph vsyd the crafte of a carpenter. Ca. ix.

AT Nazareth in her fathers hous
Lyke her auowe of herte alway in one
And fyue maydens the most vertuous
Of the temple where cosen out alone
Of the bisshop with hes for to gone
To wayte on her/by humble attendaunce
In what they can/to serue and do plesaunce.

¶ Of whiche the fyrst/callyd was Reyes
And Stephanie second/las Ifynde
Susanna zabell and Abiega

The other thre/as bokes maken mynde
Whiche wolde neuer thoro we slouth be behynde
But ay in one/as it is spetefyed
In werke and prayer were occupyed.

And vnto hym/as made is mencion
That of lyuynge/so faythfull weren & trewe
And diligent in occupacion
Delyuered was sylke offondry hewe
For to make dyuerse werkis newe
In the temple of intencion
Onely to be in mynystracion.

And as it is put in remembraunce
Eueriche her like toke by aduenture
Like as her hande fyll theron by chaunce
But Mary as god tho shope her cure
The purpyll suite toke in to her cure
Of gracious happe/of sorte without sight
The whiche colour of custome and of right.

To none estate/is kyndely sytting
Of doubte to speke in speciall
But to the state onely of a kyng
So that no wyght/but of the stocke ryall
By statute olde this colours vse shall
For by olde tyme/ye shulde no man sene
In purpyll cladde/but other kynge or quene.

Wherfore the sorte full rightfully is fall
Verily by dewe disposicion

Upon Marye/that before hem all
By lignr right/is discendyd downe
Of blode ryall/and by electioun
Of god aboue/was chosen for to bene
For her merite of heuen and erthe quene.

¶ And mother eke/as ye shall after here
Of thylke kynge/that was clad in reed
Of purpyll hewe/bothe face and chere
Downe to the fete/from his blessed heed
Whan he of purpyll dyd his baner sprede
On Caluarye abrode/vpon the rode
To saue mankynde/whan he shedde his blode.

¶ And of this purpyll that I spake of tofore
I synde playnly howe that Marye wroughte
Thylke vayle/that was ou tweyne tome
The same houre/whan he so dere vs boughte
Lo howe that god in his eternall thoughte
Prouyded hath by iust purueaunce
The purpyll syke/to his mothers chaunce.

¶ How our lady is sete for an ensaumple
of virgynyte. Ca. x.

But nowe I leue this blessed mayde there
In Nazareth/amonge her frendes to dwell
Ledyng a lyfe more parfyte and entere
Than any tonge/suffyse may to tell
For euyn like/as a tulsum well
Shedyth his stremys/in to the ryuers

Right so Marle/an enlaumpelet clere.

¶ Gaue to all by plenteuous largenes
Onely vertue/vpon euery syde
O well were they/to whome thou were maistres
And blessed eke/that myght on the abyde
To haue by enlaumple/so vertuous a guyde
And blessed was that holy companye
That day by day/the sene with eye.

¶ And blessed was the paleys & the hous
In whiche thou haddest thy holy mācion
Foztuneth well/& wonder gracious
So humble was thy conuersacion.
And blessed was also all the towne
T! re thou abode/& blessed the village
O holy mayde/where thou haddest hostage.

¶ And blessed was the wozthy table riche
Where day by day/thou wentest vnto bozde
Foz in sothnes/the ioye was not lyche
Of Crelus kyng/foz all his riche bozde
And blessed be they/that herden wozde by wozde
Of thy speche/& blessed the houre and tyme
Of all thy lyfe/from euyn tyll the pzyme.

¶ O weelfull eke and gracious the sight
Of hem that myghten vpon the beholde
Foz well they ought/to be gladde and light
That weren with the alway whan they wolde
And blessed weren ponge and olde.

That were repopsed with thy excellence
Whan that hem lyst of thy hygh presence.

¶O the iope/ who coulde tell a right
Of thyne heuenly meditacions
Ascendyng vp aboue the sterres bright
In thyne inwarde contemplacions
Or the blessed & holy vysitacions
Who can reherce/ bright as sonne or leuen
So ofte sent downe/ to the fro heuen.

¶Or who can tell/ thyne holy slepes softe
With god alway/ full in thy memorie
For loue of whome/ thou sighedest full ofte
Whan thou wherelose in thyne oratorye
Or who can tell/ the melodye or glorye
That angelys hath made in the place
For the iope they had to loke in thy face.

¶I am rude/ to reherse all
For vnconnynge/ & for lacke of space
The mater is/ so inly spirituall
That I dare nat so hygh a style pace
But lady myne/ I put me all in thy grace
This fyrst boke/ compyled for thy sake
Of my symplenesse/ & thus an ende I make

¶Beseechynge all to haue pyte & routh
That therof shall haue any inspection
If oughte be lefte of necligence and slouthe
Or sayd to moche of presumpcion

I put it meekely to her correccion
And alle mercy of my trespace
There as I erre & put me in her grace.

¶ And thorowe her benygne suppoztacion
So as I can forth I wyll prozede
With all myne herte & hole entencion
Prayeng that mayde of so goodlyhede
Croppe & rote to helpe in this nede
Whome I nowe leue in Nazareth sojourne
And to my mater I wyll agayne retourne.

¶ Howe mercy and peace rightwysnes
& trouthe disputed for the redemp-
cion of mankynde. ¶ Ca. xi.

Who that is bounde and fettered in prison
Thynketh longe after delyueraunce
And he that feleth payne and passyon
Desyzeth soze after allegeaunce
And who that is in sozowe and penaunce.
Lytell wondze of hertely heuynesse
Though he coueyte relees of his distresse.

¶ And who that lyueth in langour & in wo
Feare in exyle and prescripcion
And is with sette with many a cruell foo
And can no gayne to his saluacion
To escape deth without grete raunson
Full longe he thynketh of full litell space
While he in bondes abydeth after grace.

¶ And yet to recorde of olde felicite
In sothfastnes/encreseth more his payne
Than all the constraynte of his aduersite
And causeth hym more/to sygh & playne
For ioye passed/can hertes more constrayne
Her welthe afore/to bewepe and wayle
Than all the torment/that hem dothe assayle.

¶ O who coulde euer sith the worlde began
Of more ioye or of gladnes tell
Than somtyme coulde the worthy kynde of man
That shapen was in paradyse to dwell
Tyll he alas/was banysshed in to hell
Feare in exyle/from his possession
And there to abyde/stocked in pryson.

¶ And he that lost his riches and honoure
His myrthe/his ioye/& his olde welfare
His force/his myght/and holy his socoure
And was of vertue/nakyd made and bare
And laye full seeke langupssenge in care
So feare proscripte out of his contre
That by the lawe/there may no recouer be.

¶ Whose necke oppressed/with so stronge a chayne
Laye plunged downe/without remedye
That whan mercy wolde haue ben ameane
Right wysnes gan hit anone denye
And whan that peace for recouer gan to crye.
Came trouth forth with a sterne face
And sayd playnly/that he gete no grace.

¶ For peace and mercy to gyder assembled ware
Full longe agone to trete of this matere
And right wysnes/with hem was ete there
And trouth also/with a deyndous chere
And whan they were all foure in fere
As ye haue herde/and gan to entrete
Than fyrst of all cruelly to threte.

¶ Trouthe began almoste in a rage
Of cruell ire/and of melancolye
And sayd shortly/that man for his outrage
Of veray Right must nedes dye
And thus began the contrauersye
Betwene the fusteren & trouthe alway in one
Sayd playnly that recouer was there none.

¶ For I quod Trouth/at his creacion
Tolde hym the parell afore his offence
But he me put out of his bandon
And gaue to me no maner audpence
And I quod Right all my dyligence
Wolde hym haue rewlyd/but he toke none hede
Wherfore of me/he gete none helpe at nede.

¶ And whan he gaue credence to the snake
He made his quarell euen agaynst Right
And agayne Trouth/he falsely gan to take
Whan he her clene put out of his sight
And agayn peace/began a quarell to fight
Whan he from hym mercy sette afere
And so he sette hym selfe/all out of here.

¶ Therfore quod Right/pleteth for hym nomore
But let hym haue/as he hath deserued
ye do grete wronge/yf ye wyll hym restore
That hath his heste/to you not conserued
Ayes quod mercy/nature hath reserued
To peace my suster playnly and tame
Ou wretches euer/for to haue pyte.

¶ And offendeth hath of ignorannce
More than of malice: ywys quod mercy to
yet for all that he muste haue his penaunce
Quod Right/anone like as he hath do
And thynke quod peace/that towarde Jerico
He was disposed amonge his cruell fone
For lacke of helpe/whan he lefte hym alone.

¶ That was quod Trouth/for he was recheles
To go the waye/I taught hym of reason
Quod mercy than the mortall fo of peace
The olde Serpent rote of all treason
Of falle enuye and indygnacion
Lay a wayte/to bryngе hym in a trayne
Whan he to hym falsely dyd fayne.

¶ That yf he ete/of the forboden tree
The fayze fruyte in paradyse present:
He sholde lyke vnto God be.
Of good and euyll/to haue entendement
And for my syster/trouth was absent
And ye your selfe/also rightwysnes
He was betrayed/sleyghtly by falsenes.

¶ Wherfore quod mercy/ I purpose vtterlye
Hym to relieue/ yf I can or maye
And I quod peace/ wyll helpe faythfullye
The greate yre and rancour to allaye
Of iugement to put it in delaye
And here vpon to fynde full refuge
I wyll procede/ afore the hye Juge.

¶ Howe mercy and peace brought in this
plee before the hyghe iuge Ca. xii.

AND right forthw̄/ before the kyng of glorie
Mercy and peace the cause brought alone
And in the hygh heuenly consistorye
Peace sayd thus/ amonge hem euerichone
O blessed lorde/ that arte bothe thre and one
So pleasett the benygnely to here
What I wyll say/ and my sustet dere.

¶ Remembre lorde/ amonge thy werkes all
Howe thou madest mercy soueraygne
That whan that euer vnto the she call
Thou maiste not of right her prayer vildayne
And spectally/ whan that we bothe twayne
To thyne hyghnes/ for any thynge requyre
Thou muste of grace/ fulfyll our prayere.

¶ Is not thy mercy greate aboue the heuen
Thyne owne doughter cheke of thyne aye
And hath her place aboue the sterres seuen
With the ordres of euery Jerarchye

Who me daye by daye/ thou canst so magnefye
Amonge thy werkes/ to make her empresse
To helpe wretches/ whan they ben in distresse.

¶ Thy mercy eke abydeth euer with the
Lyke thy greetnes & thy magnyficence
And who that dothe mercy and pyte
Dothe sacrefice/ hygh in thy presence
And is not mercy/ of moze excellence
(Lyke as the sauter well reherce can)
Upon the erthe/ than the lyfe of man.

¶ Thy selfe/ also as it is playnly couthe
Juystedly who so taketh hede therto
Sayest openly with thyne owne mouthe
That a thousande/ thou canst thy mercy do
And holy Dauid/ recozdeth eke also
With his ℌ arpe/ aboue all thynge
That he thy mercyes eternally shall synge.

¶ And ho we myghte eke any creature
Upon erthe/ in any maner kynde
Without mercy/ any whyle endure
For all were gone/ yf merty were behynde
Wherfoze lozde on mercy haue thy mynde
The wofull caytyfe/ to take vnto thy grace
That hath so longe/ be seuered fro thy face.

¶ And though that I be humble meke & fre
Forsothe lozde of duete and of right
yet euer in owne/ my dwellyng is with the.

For selde or neuer I parte out of thy sight
Peace is my name/ that power hath & myght
Thorowe my commyng/ they that be mortal sone
By the helpe of the/ to accorde in to one.

¶ And also lorde as holy wrytte can tell
That of thy peace/ there may none ende be
And eke thy peace/ doth euery wyght excell
And art thy selfe/ of very duete
Called the prynce of peace and bnyte
And yet byhotest wretches to releue
That is mankynde/ & shall neuer fro hym meue.

¶ And Job recordeth the holsomest fruyte
Of all thys worlde/ spryngeth out of peace
Now lorde sithen/ I am made to be refuyte
And to the wofull comfort/ and encrease
Graunte of thy grace/ nowe a full release
That I and mercy/ may the sone confounde
Of thylke caytyfe/ that lyeth in pryson bounde.

¶ So that he may haue lyberte
To go at large/ and haue remyssion
Of this thraldome and captyuyte
And be delyuered out of this pryson
So that there may be made redemption
For his seruage and tynall paye
Lorde of thy mercy/ without more delaye.

¶ And whan they had/ her mater full purposyd
Mercy and peace/ with full hygh sentence

Touchynge man with synne so enclosed
The iuge gaue benigne audyence
And whan ye had kept longe scilence
For all the skilles/to hym that they layde
yet at the laste to hem thus he sayde.

¶ Howe god the father of heuē/answered to mercy and peace. Ca. xiii.

MIne owne doughter/next to myne alye
Though your requeste/come of tēder herte
ye moste consydere/with a prudent eye
Of ryghtwysnes/it may not me asserte
Lyke your askyng/by fauour to aduerte
Unto the cause/that ye represent
But right and trouth/fully wolde assent.

¶ Withouten whome/I may not procede
To execute any mayer iugement
Wherfore let call her in this greate nede
For I mote worche by her auysement
And whan they waren come and present
Than trouth alone/touchynge this matere
Sayd openly/that all myghten here.

¶ Ikhit so be/this man that trespaced
Ne be not dede/for his iniquyte
Though vtterly the franchesse is defaced
Bothe of my custer/ryghtwysnes and me
And synally/our bothe lyberte.

Of our Lady. G.i.

Goeth vnto nought/ of our iurisdiccion
But he be punyshed for his transgression.

¶ The worde of God/ that playnly may not erre
Telde hym afore/ without any drede
The greate parelle/ of this mortall warre
Etynge the appell/ that he muste be dede
But he of slouthe/ toke therto none hede
Wherfore he muste/ as right lyste prouide
Without mercy/ the dome of deth abyde.

¶ And though that peace/ be of pyte meued
Man to delyuere/ with zele of trouthe
Righwisnes wolde than be agreued
With me to consente/ that am called trouthe
And as me semeth/ it were to greate a slouthe
Dome or cause plee or any sute
Without vs tweyne to be execute.

¶ We semyth eke/ my syster peace dothe wronge
To foster a man/ & holde agaynst vs twayne
That hath ben conuersaunt so longe
Amonge vs dishorde to restrayne
Therfore quod peace/ nowe wyll I not layne
To do myne office/ right to modefye
That she of rigoure/ cause hym not to dye.

¶ Than quod right of necessyte
Hit muste folowe/ though he were my brother
That he muste dye/ by dome of equyte
Or in his name/ mote be dede sume other

So of my shyppe guyded is the rothes
That ne may erre/for wa we noz for wynde
Noze than the anker of trouth wyll me bynde.

¶ Certes quod mercy/so it not displease
Unto your noble and wyse prouidence
His deth to you may be lytell ease
For holy wrytte/reherreth in sentence
If you consyderd/in your aduertence
That deth of synners/the hygh god to queme
Is werth of dethes/yf ye of right list deme.

¶ For synfull blode/is no sacrefyse
To god aboue/that euery thynge maye sens
Than muste ye deth/of one deuyse
That is of synne/innocent and clene
And is I trowe/vnder the sonne shene
Thorowe the worlde/to reherce mankynde
It were full harde/suche one for to fynde.

¶ For rust with rust/may not scoured be
Ne foule with fylth/may be purefyed
But who is soyled/with dishonestie
To wasshe another/it is not aplyed
Blacke vnto white/may not be dyed
Ne blode enfecte with corrupcion
To god for synne/is none oblacion.

¶ Fygure herof/ye may not be dyed
As the byble maketh mencion
How we that a lambe of spotte & fylthe free

Somtyme was take by election
And offred vp in satisfaccion
To god for synne/for to signefye
Who sholde for mannes ransome dye.

¶ Wust be clene/pure and innocent
Right as a lambe/from euery spottes blame
And trewly vnder the firmamente
There was none suche/sithen Adam dyd atame
The fruyte to ete/for eyther halte or lame
In souerayne vertue/is all the kynde of man
Wherfore quod mercy/the best rede that I can.

¶ That peace my syster/cesse this discorde
And all the stryfe/that is vs betwene
And that we praye/our iuge & myghty lorde
To this mater benygnely to sene
And of his grace/to shape suche a mene
For trouth & right/so prudently ordeyne
That peace ne I/haue no cause to pleyne.

¶ And this requeste is nought agaynst right
Ne vnto trouth playnly none offence
If that our iuge of his greate myght
Ordeyne so in his prouydence
To scape awaye/thorow we his sapyence
That trouth and right be not displeased
Thorow peace & me though man be holpe & eased.

¶ How we the father of heuen accorded the
foure systren. Ca. xliii.

AND whan that she by reason had fyned
That grounded was/playnly vpon skyll
The hygh iuge by mercy is enclyned
To condescende of grace to her wyll
And in suche wyse her askynge to fulfyll
That right be serued/& trouthe not dysmayed
That peace/& she shulde eke be well apayed.

¶ And by sentence alone diffynytyfe
The iuge sayd for conclusion
An innocent pure and clene of lyfe
Shall mekely dye/to paye the raunson
For mannes gylt and trasgression
And he so freely/shall the deth abaye
In all his payne/that he vo worde shall saye.

¶ And thus shall right in all maner thynge
Haue her desyre/and trouth shall not fayle
But agreably in theyr worchynge
To execute fully/to stynte this batayle
And for that peace in moche may anayle
And mercy eke/shall not be agreued
Her brother askynge also shall be achyeued.

¶ To fynde a man that shall vndertake
This myghty quarell/of mercy and pyte
To suffre deth/onely for mannes sake
Uncompellyd freely and of volunte
That is a lambe withouten spotte shall be
And with his blode/shall wasshe vndefouled
The gylt of man/with rust of synne y mouled.

¶ Howe his sonne sholde take mānynde.
Capitule. xb.

But for to wete/of what stocke he shal spring
Of what kynrede/and of what estate
Hys clothfast worde eternally lyuynge
Hys owne sonne/with me encreate
Shall downe be sent to be incarnate
And wrappe hym selfe in the mortall kynde
Of man (for loue) so that he may synde.

¶ A clene grounde/his palayce vnto bylde
In all the erthe neyther of lyme ne stone
But in a mayde/debonayre and mylde
The humble doughter of Jacob and Syon
And vnto her/shall trouthe & mercy gone
By one accorde/sent afore my face
Lyke my deuyse/to chese me a place.

¶ And say to her in all maner thynge
Her tabernacle/that she make fayre
Ageynst the comyng of her myghty kynge
Whiche is my sonne and myne owne heyre
That in her breste/shall haue his repeyre
Where trouth & mercy shall to gyder mete
By one assent/and her rancour lete.

¶ And there shall peace kysse rightwysnes
And all the susters accorde in that place
And right shall leue all her stoutnes
And the wythes swerde/shall nomore manace

And fynally/mercy shall purchace
A chartour of pardon/like this mayden clene
And whiche for man is so good a mene.

¶ That he shall mowe escape daungers
I myd the forest/free from euery trappe
Whyle the mayde/that causeth all this peace
Hath the vnycorne slepyng in her lappe
That thoro we mekenes/shal his horne so wrappe
There it was wonte to slee by vyolence
Thoro we deth/it shall agayne deth be defence.

¶ Agaynst venym/more holsome than treacle
Euery poyson aloste and aswage
Whan the lyon maketh his habitacle
Within a mayde/but of tender age
And Gabryell shall gone on message
To her alone/myne owne secretarie
With newe tydinges/& no lenger tarye.

¶ Howe Gabryell the Angell was sent to
our Lady. Capittulo xvi.

AND right forthwith the angel tarieth nought
But helde his waye from the see of glorye
Unto this mayde clene/in will and thought
Where as she sat in her oratorye
With herte ententyfe/& with hole memorie
Greate to god/and all her full mynde
To whome the angell/whan he dyd her fynde.

¶ Benignely with all humylite
Sayd vnto her alone as ye shallen here
Hayle full of grace/our lorde is with the
Ne drede the not/but be right glad of chere
That art to god/so acceptable and dere
That hooly his grace/is vpon the fall
To be moste bleſſed/amonge women all.

¶ And with that worde/thorowe goddes myght
All hole the somme of the depte
That from heuen his blisfull bemys bright
Shadde on therthe of our humanyte
Whan in the brest of a mayden fre
The holy ghoste/by fre election
For his mekenes hath made his mancion.

¶ For whā that Bernarde/somtyme gan beholde
With thought vp lifte/by contemplacion
The bright sonne/in herte he gan to colde
Inly astoned/in his aspeccion
And full deuontly/in a meditacion
Therof remembrynge/as he gan take hede
Sayde euen thus/quakyng in a drede.

¶ Lamentacion of Saynt Bernarde.
Capittulo. xvii.

A Lorde quod he/so I am agryſed
And sore a drade/to loke on this clerenesse
And yet wel more/with feare I am suppriſed
For to beholde for myne vnworthynesse

Any wexde to wryte or to endyte
Of this mysterie/and greate pryuyte
Benigne lorde lest thou saye to me.

¶ What arte thou bolde or darest in any wyse
My rightwisnes to tell or to wrytte
Or to presume so hardely to deuyse
My testament with thy mouth endyte
That certes lorde/but yf thou respyte
My wretchidnes by suppoxte of thy grace
I greately drede of deth for my trespace.

¶ But wolde god through his greate myght
And his goodnes lyke to my desyre
That from thaulter that brenneth in his sight
No lytell sparcle/but a flame of fyre
Wolde downe discende/myne herte to enspyre
For to consume with his feruent hete
The rusty fylthe that in my mouthe dothe flete.

¶ And all vnclennesse/cankered therte of olde
To make clene/and to scoure awaye
That therto we his grace/I durste be so bolde
Ditetto wryte/or some woxde to saye
That was rehercid vpon the blissfull daye
Whan Gabriell and Marie mette
In Nazareth and humbly her greette.

¶ But sithen this man so parfyte of lyuynge
This holy Bernarde so good and gracious
So dreadfull was this mater in wrytinge
Of our Lady. H.i.

That was of lyfe so tuly vertuous
Howe dare I than be presumptuous
I wofull wretche in any maner wyse
To take on me this parfyte hygh empryse.

¶ Wy lippes pollute/ my mouth w̄ fylthe ployed
Wyne herte vnclene/ and full of curfionesse
Wy thought also/ with all vyces foyled
Wy breste receyte & chefte of wretchidnesse
That me to wryte of any parfitnesse
Nat onely drede of presumpcion
But for to eschewe the indignacion.

¶ Of god aboue/ for my greate offence
That I am bolde or hardy in his sight
To dare presume/ the greate excellence
For to descryue of her/ that was so bright
But vnder hope/ that mercy passeth right
And that disdayne/ my style not verays
With humble herte/ thus to hym I prayes.

¶ A recapitulacio of the wordes of Gabriell
to our Lady/ how we holy men by diuyne
likenesses wrote of our Lady/ in cōme
dacion of her. Capitulo. xviii

O Lorde whose mercy goth not declyne
But euer eliche/ stondith hole in one
That somtyme sendest do wne from Seraphyns
To Isaye an Angell with a stone
Wherwith he began to touche his mouthe alone

To purge his lippes from all pollucion
So let thy grace to me descende downe.

¶ My rude tonge/to explite and spede
Somwhat to say/in commendacion
Of her that is well of womanhede
And thorowe her helpe and meditacion
Be to my style full direccion
And let thy grace/alwaye be present
This boke to forther after myne entent.

¶ For of my lyfe for to undertake
To speke or write/in so deuoute matere
Lyttell wonder though I tremble or quake
And chaunge bothe countenaunce and chere
Sithen this mayden of vertue treforere
Perturbed was in loke and in vysage
Of Gabriell to here the message.

And full demurely/stylle gan abyde
And in her herte castinge vp and downe
Full prudently vpon euery syde
The maner of this salutacion
And howe hit might in conclusion
In any wyse fully perfourned be
Thy stondynge hole in her virginite.

¶ And whan the Angell sawe her lowlyhede
Her humble countenaunce/chaunged in her face
He sayde Aue for nothynge that you drede
For to forore god/thou haste founde grace
Of our Lady. H.ii.

¶ And shalt conceyue/ within a litell spase
And in thy wombe a sone of all bemu
And shall hym calle (when he is borne) Jesu.

¶ That shall be greate/ & named forthfastlye
Sone of the hyest/ that euer was of myght
And god to hym/ shall leue yeue full rightlye
The see of Dauid/ his owne fathers right
And he shall reygne in euery wyghtes sight
In the house of Jacob/ eternally by lygne
Whose kyngdom euer shall laste & neuer fyne.

¶ And though his heste where passynge of reuo
Surmountynge/ eke as in excellence (wne
That dewardly/ gane so meruayious a sowne
And wonderfull to her audience
Than she full meekely of greate reuerence
And loke downe cast of her eyen clere
Benignely the Angell gan enquere.

¶ In what maner shall this thynge betyde
Sithen I no man knowe in no degre
Quod Gabriell/ within thy blessed syde
The holy ghoste/ shall yshowed be
And all the vertue of the Tryunte
Enclose shall in thy breste so clene
The sonne of lyfe/ with all his bemes shene.

¶ Wherefore this childe/ that shall of the be borne
Shall called be goddes sone eterne
Beholde & see a token here tofore

Elyzabeth thyne owne cosyn dere
Conceyued hath lytlen gone halfe yere
Though she forage went to haue bene barayne
And is with childe/to put all in certayne.

¶ That to god is nothynge impossyble
But as hym list/may euery thynge fulfyll
Unto whose worde/be fully nowe credible
Byhalde quod she/of god the mede ancille
With all myne herte/obeyeng to his wyll
In euery thynge/right as hym lysteth be
And like thy worde/fall it vnto me.

¶ Lo she that was chosyn for to bene
Of all this worlde/lady and empres
Of heuen & erthe/alone to be quene
And goddes mother/for her holynes
Lo for all this/howe lowly with meekenes
She all committeth vnto goddes wyll
As he ordeyneth/redy to fulfill.

¶ And wolde not calle her selfe none other name
But goddes handmayde in full lowe maneres
O where is all the transitorye fame
Where is your boste/or daren you apere
Of pompe or pryde/or surquedrye in fere
With your forblowe/blowyng vanyte
Sithen that a mayde thorowe her humylite.

¶ Of pryde hath nowe wonne the victorye
And openly hath gyuen hym a fall

Thorowe whole lowlyches/ ꝑ hygh kyng of glorie
Within her wombe/ hath made in special
His dwellynge place/ & his hospitall
And with one worde/ of the mayde I spoke
The holy ghoste/ is in her breste yloke.

¶ Acommendacion of our Lady.
Capitulo. xix.

AND whā ꝑ Angell from her departed was
And she alone in her tabernacle
Right as the sonne persitheth thorowe the glasse
Thorowe the cristall/ berall or spectacle
Without harme/ right so by myracle
In to her closet the fathers sapyence
Entred is/ withouten vyolence.

¶ Or any wemme/ vnto her maydenhede
On any syde in party or in all
For goddes sōne/ takyng our manhede.
In her hath bylde his paleyce pryncipall
And vnder pyght/ this mancion tyall
With seuen pyleres/ as made is memorye
And therin sette his tecynatorie.

¶ Whiche is perfourmed/ all of pure golde
Onely to vs for to signefye
That the all holy made hath his holde
Within this mayde/ that called is Marye
And seuen pyleres that holden this mayde gye
Ben seuen spirites/ so as I can dyscrie

Of god aboue/ this mayde to gouerne.

¶ For all the treloure of his sapience
And all the wisdome of heuen/ and erthe therto
And all the richesse of spirituall science
In her were shette/ and closed ekr also
For she is toure/ without wordes mo
And houle of pyze/ in whiche Salamon
Shette all his treloure/ in his possession.

¶ She was the castell/ of the cristall wall
That neuer man myght yet vnclose
In whiche the kynge/ that made and cauleth all
His dwellyng chese/ by grace gan dispose
And like as dewe/ discendeth on the rose
With lyuer dzopes/ and of the leues fayze
The fresshe beaulte/ ne myght not payze.

¶ Ne as the rayne/ in Apzille oz in Maye
Cauleth the vertue/ to renne out of the rote
The greate fayznes/ nought appeyze maye
On vyoletes/ and on herbes sote
Right so this grace/ of all our greues bote
The grace of god/ ampde the bely whyte
The beaute cauleth/ to be of moze delyte.

¶ And as the cokyle/ with heuenly dewe so clene
Of kynde engendzeth/ whyte perles rounde
And hath no cheril shyng/ but the sonne sheue
To his fosterynge/ as it is playnly founde
Right so this mayde of grace moste habounde

A peerle hath closed/ within her breastes whyte
That fedd the deth myght all our raūsoune quyte.

¶ She was eke the gate/ of the lockes bryght
Sette in the northe of hygh deuocion
Of whiche lamtyme the Prophete had a sight
Ezechyell as is mateerne in his auysion
Whiche stode euer close in conclusion
That neuer man entre/ shall ne pace
But god hym selfe/ to make his dwellynge place.

¶ And yet in lothe/ as I rehearse can
Hu as the face of Gedyon was wette
Before he faught/ with hem of Madyan
With heuenly dewe enuyron all be sette
In signe onely/ the spede shall the bette
Right so hath god on her his grace shewed
With the holy ghoste/ whan she was bydewed

¶ In token playnly/ she shulde socoure be
Unto mankynde/ mekly for to fight
Agaynst the deuyll/ that hath in his powste
All madyan with his fell myght
And thoro we the helpe/ of this mayden bryght
And thoro we the dewe/ of her heuenly grace
We shall this serpent from our bowes chace.

¶ She was also of golde the ryche vyne
Keppynge the man of our saluacion
That all our wo/ may to toye tourne
With holsome fode/ and full perfection

She was also/as scripture maketh mencion
The yerde of Aaron/with fruyte and leues lade
Of vertue moste to comforte vs and glade.

¶ She was the aultre/Cedre/golde/and stone
Stedfast and true in perfection
And as the Cedre conseruynge all in one
His body clene/from all corrupcion
And for to make a full oblacion
Of suerty vertue to/god in chastyte
She shone as golde/by parfyte charyte.

¶ And on this aulter she made her sacrefyce
With fyre of loue/brennyng as bright
To god and man/in euery manet wyse
As downe the sterres on the frosty nyght
Her frankensence gaue so clere a light
Thorowe good ensaumple/ that the parfyte leuen
Other lyuinge/raught in to heuen.

¶ She was the trone where that Salamon
For worthynes sette his ryall see
With golde and yuore/that so bright shone
That all aboute the beaute men myght see
The golde was loue/the yuore chastite
And twelue Lyons/so greate huge and large
That of this werke/bare vp the charge.

¶ Of the olde lawe weren Prophetes twelue
That longe before gan beholde and see
That Salamon goddes sone hym selfe

Sholde in this mayde/beholde his ryall see
So that in soth/her clene virginite
To be a mother/sholde nothing lette
Amyd her breste/that he his trone sette.

¶ She was the woman that sayn̄t Johan
Sawe in heuen/so richely appere
Clad̄e in a sonne/whiche brighter shone
Than Phebus doth in his longe spere
And twelue sterres/that passyngly were clere.
So as to hym playnly dyd seme
Weren sette aboue in her dyademe.

¶ And as hym thought/at her feet there stood
A large mone/bright and nothing pale
In figure onely/that she that is so good
To swage the bitter of our olde bale
The sonne of lyfe/made to auale
Downe to the erthe/to gouerne vs and guye
And eke the mone/to vs doth signifye.

¶ All holy churche/large to beholde
Within this mayde/had his originall
Whan fynally/with his rightes olde
The synagoge of Jewys had a fall
For in this mayde/the fyrst faythfull wall
Of holy churche/God gan fyrst to bylde
Whan with his sonne/he made her go with chylde

¶ And to reforme/the rudenes bitterly
Of blynde folkes/that coude not parcepue

Howe that Marie myght kyndly
A mayde be/and a chylde conceyue
That yhym list/reason to conceyue
They may examples/right ynowe fynde
Of this matet accozdinge vnto kynde.

¶ Autentyke conclusions agaynst vnbeleuefull men that saydé that Chzuite might not be bozne of a mayde Capitulo. xx.

O Blynde man/thozowe thyne iniquyte
Why hast thou lost/thy reason & thy sight
That thou of malyce/list not foz to see
Howe Chzist Jesu/thozowe his greate myght
To his disciples/helde the waye right
Thozowe the yates/yshette by greate deffence
Without bzekyng/oz any vyolence.

¶ Why myght he not of his magnificence
within a mayde/make his mancion
And she yet stode/in hygh excellence
Of maydenhede/from all cozrupcion
ye ben to blynde/in your discression
That liste not to see/also howe he rose
From deth to lyfe/in his sepulture close.

¶ And here withall/thou mayste also auuerte
Howe he full gractously/of his myghty grace
Made Peter out of pzyson to sterte
And where hym lyste freely foz to pace
And yet the dozes were shutte of the place

What wonder then though god by myracle
Within a mayde/made his habitacle.

¶ And beyng close/and partyly shette
With all the bondes/of clene vyrginite
For sothfastly/her clennesse was not lette
Upon no syde/ne yet her chastite
But encreasyd/and fauour for to se
That goddes sõne/list to light adowne
Within this mayde/to make his mancion.

¶ Eke Helyodons/telleth of a tree
In stede of fruyte/hereth vyrdes smale
From yere to yere/by kynde as men may se
Without medlyng of female or of male
This veryly is soth playnly and no tale
Thã wondre not though/Crist were borne bitwe
The chaste sydes/of a mayden clene. (ne.

¶ Eke certeyne byrdes/called vultures
Without medlyng conceyuyng by nature
As bokes sayne/withouten any lees
And of her lyfe/an hondred yere endure
Than the lorde of euery creature
That causeth all/no wonder though I say
Though that he were conceyuyd of a maye.

¶ And Plinius/in bokes naturall
Wryte of a roche/greate and large also
That wyll remeue/with a fynger small
But yf a man do all his myght therto

It wyll not flere/neyther to ne fro
Right so this mayde/that is of vertus moste
With a fynger of the holy ghoste

¶And with a touche of his myghty grace
Conseiued hath stedfast/god and man
That neuer myght remeue from her face
Of thylke auowe/that she fyrst began
To be a mayde/as ferforth as she can
In herte & wyll/as any roche stable
That from his grounde/is not remeuable.

¶This clerke also this wise Plinius
Sayth in Tauriche there is an erthe founde
That of nature is so vertuous
That will cure euery maner wounde
Right so Marie was the erthe founde
That god out chose by electcion
To bere the fruyte of our redempcion

¶That shulde be helthe and also medecine
To all our woundes/whan they ake or smerte
And our greues & our hurtes fyne
From deth to make vs to asterte
With holsome bawme/percinge to the herte
Our festerid sores/that they shull ake nomore
Ne that she ne were/we were all forlore.

¶And ferthermore this auctour can eke tell
Within his boke/who so loketh a right
To Jupiter sacred is a well

Of our Lady. J.iii.

That whan it hath quenchte his bronden bright
That eft agapne he geueth them a newe light
Who list assaye/loth as he shall fynde
What wonder than though the god of kynde.

¶ Amyd this well/from sylthe of synne colde
Full of vertue/with layre stremes clere
His lodging toke & his mynghey holde
And thorowe his grace/sterte hit newe ayre
With the holy ghoste/that withouten were
Though he were colde/from all fleshlyhede
She brent in loue/hotter than the glede.

¶ And in Fatileo/as hym list to wryte
Is a well that cauleth ebe of nature
Whan the oxen drynke to be whyte
And sodaynly to chaunge her hewe
What meruayle than though/the well trewe
The well of helthe/and of lyfe eterne
The lorde of all/so as I can discerne.

¶ These stremes/ shedde in to this mayde fre
To make her whightest/as in holynesse
That bothe sholde/mayde and mother be
And euer in one/kepe her clennesse
Withouten chaunge/so that her whitnesse
Ne fadeth neuer in beaute ne in colour
Of maydenhede to bere/bothe lefe and flour.

¶ And who that wolde/dispute in this matere

I holde hym madde/or elles out of mynde
For yf he haue his eyen hole and clere
He shall nowe se yrele ynough by kynde
For he that made/bothe lefe and rynde
And with a worde/these waste wordes wylde
Myght make a mayde/for to go with chylde.

¶ And he that made the hygh cristall heuen
The firmament/& also euery spere
The golden arere/& the sterres seuen
Cithera/so lusty for to appere
And rede marce/with his sterne heere
Myght he not ete only for our sake
Within a mayde/of man the kynde take.

¶ And he that causeth/lowles in the ayre
In her kynde to ware and multeplye
And fysshe eke with fynnes sleid fayre
In depe vawes to gouerne hem and gye
And do/o one lyue/& another dye
And geueth beastes her fode vpon the grounde
And/as/his kynde doth hem to abounde.

¶ Sythen he is lorde/and causeth all thynge
To haue beyng/yf I shall not fayne
And/o is the prynce and the worthy kyng
That all enbraceth in his myghty chayne
Why myght he not by power souerayne
Of his free choyse/that all may saue and lese
Of/o his mother/a clene mayde chese.

¶ Who causeth the fruyte/ out of the harde tre
By vertue onely/ that ys syngeth from the rote
To growe & wexe/ lyke as men may se
With leues grene/ & swete blosmes sote
Is it not that lorde/ that for all our bote
Wolde of a mayde/ as I reherce can
Mekely be borne/ without touche of man.

¶ For he that doth the tender braunches springe
And fret the floures/ in the great mede
That weren in wynter/ dede & ehe droppinge.
Of bawme boyde/ & of lusty heds
Myght he not make/ his grayne to growe & fede
Within her brest/ that was bothe mayde and wyfe
Wherof is made/ the sothfast bread of lyfe.

¶ And he that grauyd of his greate myght
Without poyntell/ in the harde stone
And the tables/ with letters clere and bryght
His ten precepte/ & buyldynges euerichone
The same lorde/ of his power alone
Hath made this mayde/ here in erthe lowe
A chylde conceyue/ and no man to knowe.

¶ And he that made the bushe to appere
All on flame with ferdy sparcles shene
And whan Moyses gan to approche nere
And yet no hatme/ came to the bowes grene
The same lorde hath conserued clene
His habytacle/ & his herbes swete
In this mayde/ from all fleshely hete.

¶ And he that made the yerde of Moyses
Of a serpent / to take the lithnesse
In the hall amonge all the prees
Where Pharao / the people dyd oppresse
And in deserte / the Byble beareth wytnesse
The Ryuer made to renne / of the stone
The thrifte to staunche / of the people alone.

¶ And ouer this / for to declare
His greate myght: Sampson the stronge man
As Judicum / doth playnly specifye
Dranke the water / that from the chanell ran
And he that made the flodes of Jurdan
To tourne agayne / for loue of Josue
That all his people cleerely myght se.

¶ And howe wawes gan asonder breke
And lyke and hylle / to bonde hygh on lofte
And he that made the Asse to speke
To Balaam / for he rode so softe
Why myght he not / by power preued ofte
Sithen he the yren made in the water hous
Be of a mayde borne / for mannes loue.

¶ And he that made / a angell for to take
Abacuk the prophete / by a litell heare
And sodaynly bringe hym to the lake
In Babylon / whiche was so feare
And to visite luggynge in his feare
Danyell amonge the beastes rage
Tyll he to hym brought the potage.

¶ The doores shutte/of the stronge prysou
For to aswage of hunger all his payne
And in a moment/to his mansion
Full sodaynly retorned hym agayne
Why myght he not as well in certayne
The same lorde/of a mayde than
Take flesshe and blode/and bycome man.

¶ And he that made the sonne at Gabaon
To stonde stylle/vpon the bright sheldes
Of Josue and to warde Achalon
The mone also as all the hooste beheldes
The longe day/they faught in the felde
Agaynst the kynges of myghty of Amorre
That his people clerely myght se.

¶ And he that made the shadewe to retourne
In the dyall of kyng Ezechye
By ten degrees onely to performe
By helpe I made to hym of Ilaye
Why myght he not/that all this worlde shall gye
Of a mayde/by the same skyll
Freely be borne at his owne wyll.

¶ And he that fedde/with fyue loues smale
Fyue thousande/in solytarie place
Fette in deserte/straunge in a dale
Thorowe the fysson/and plente of his grace
The same lorde/why myght he not purchace
Within a mayde/vertuous hes maydenhede
Whan that hym list/to take his manhede.

¶ For as the Bee/bothe wexe and hony shede
Ye the hyue/who taketh hede therto
Right so Marie flouring in mayden hede
Bare in her wombe/god and man also
And yet in sothe/she was bothe two
I dare affirme/one persone in sure
A mayde clene/and Christes mother dere.

¶ And as the beame shynyng from so ferre
Shedith his light/as men mays well espye
Withouten harme/of hyndryng of the sterre
And so as Anna/hyl downe fro the skye
Right so this floure/that called is Maria
With wombe halowed in to chastyte
Conceyued hath in her virgynite.

¶ And as the Barnacle in the harde tre
Of kynde bredeth/and the tyne flours
Causeth the wyne/flozre for to be
Thorowe Bachus might/& grapes gouernours
Right so in soth wanskynes laupoure
As the barnacle and floure out of the tyne
Sprong of Marie the beyng virgine.

¶ And as a wozme vnder a stone
Of ther the cometh without engendure
And as the Fenyx/of whiche there is but one
To all hes dyent/renewith by nature
Right so this lozde that all hath in his cure
Out kynde agayne fro synne to renewe
Toke flesshe and blode/in this mayde trewe.

¶ And as the sonne/fro Jupiter doth fall
Thorowe the force of Magnetarius bowe
And Zepherus doth the flowres call
On whyte blosmes/whan he doth blow
Right so in swethe/the grace alight alowe
Of the holy ghoste/doth wynde therin spring
Amydde the entrayles/to make his dwellyng.

¶ And to the flowre/bed no dueffe
But pacyently/conceyued hys beaute
From euery shoures/and dystemperatures
In lyke wyse of sayntes for to se
As by examples/more than two or thre
As ye tofore/haue herde deuyse
Whiche as me semeth/ought ynough suffyse.

¶ To all that be grounded in the fayth
Agaynst falsheed / to stande at defence
And yet in suche/as sayntt Gregory sayth
Fayth hath no merite/where as experience
Or mannes reason geueth euydence
But he that leneth/and spendeth no reason
Ne kynde accordyng/is worthy more guerdon.

¶ But yf that any be/nowe in this place
That hath doute or ambyguyte
Thorowe false errour/that doth his herte embrace
Eyther of malice/or of iniquyte
For to accuse the blessed virgynite
Of Marie plesynly/this is my bone
But if so be that he amende soone.

¶ And ate mercy/for his greate offence
Of her that is/of mercy grounde and well
That he of vengeaunce/haue experience
With Ixyon/do wone depe in hell
And that the clapper/of his dissuned bell
Way cankre sone/I mene his false tonge
Be doumbe for euer/& neuer efte to be ronge.

¶ With hym/I am no better in charite
Then ye haue herde/at euyn and at morowe
For here thy trouthe/he gette nomore of me
Sane Cerberus/I take hym to borowe
What euer he be/and leue hym with sorowe
To Tantalus his hunger to appeale
Atte we wordes passe/ouer is an eale.

¶ How we our Lady went to sayne Johs Baptist mother. Capitulo. xxi.

HOr what in sothe/vpon any syde
Is Phebus chare appeyred of his light
Though eyen sawe/may not abyde
For to beholde/agayne his bemes bright
Right so playnly/though the goundy sight
Of heretyk in ay nat sustene
For to beholde the clerenes of this quene.

¶ Way in no wyse sothely dysencrease
Her clere light/ne her pacyte bryghtnesse
Whose fayre stremes/shullen neuer cesse
Withouten Eclipse to shyne in clernesse

For of this mayde/as bokes done expresse
Whan Gabriell to heuen drowe the coosse
She replenisshed was/of the holy ghoste.

¶ Rose vp alone/and out of Nazareth
Towarde the mountayns fast gan her hye
And there she talewith mekely Elizabeth
Within the house of treue Zacharie
And right forthwith/whan she dyd espye
Of Marie the meke salutacion
And thorowe her eres/ whan passed was the soun

¶ Within her wombe/playnly thus to tale
For very Ioye/and spirituell gladnesse
The ponge infane/with his lymes smale
Retoysed hym the Gospell sayth expresse
And she fulfilled in very sothfastnesse
With the holy ghoste/lowde gan to crye
And euen thus sayd vnto Marie.

¶ Blessed art thou amonge woman all
And of thy wombe/blessed the fruyte also
And howe to me of happe/is newe befall
Thy lordes mother/for to come me to
For very ioye/I note what I may do
For sothfastly thy greatyng as I here
Within my wombe/my litell childe nowe here.

¶ Rioyseth hym/for gladnes as he can
That of all wo/mynne herte it doth releue
And blessed art thou/that hyst thus ioye began

The worde of god/ so faythfully to beleue
Nowe be ryghe glad/ & thyne herte meue
For all thynge/ shall perfourmed be
That ben of god/ byhested vnto the.

¶ Marie than with a deuoute entente
With loke benygnely/ and full humble chere
The same houre beyng ay present
Elizabeth hys owne cosyn dere
With a full meke/ and humble chere
And all the accorde/ and hole melodie
Of the holy ghoste layd in her armonye.

¶ Howe our Lady made Magnificat.
Capitulo. xxii.

WIth laude and prise/ my soule magnefieth
Eternall lorde/ bothe one two and thre
That all hath made/ and euery thyng nowe gyeth
Whiche of his myght/ and bounteous pyte
Of his goodnes and hygh benignite
Onely of mercy/ list to haue pleasaunce
For to consyder and gracyously to se
To my mekenes and humble attendaunce.

¶ My spyryte also with herte & thought in fere
Reioysed hath/ with fulsome habundaunce
In god that is myne herte souerayne entere
And all my ioye/ and all my sufficiaunce
My hole desyre/ and all my sustenaunce
Within my thought/ so depe he is graue

That but in hym/without variaunce
In all this worlde/ I can no gladnes haue.

¶ For he from heuen/goodly hath beholde
Of his handmayde/the humilite
Wherfore in loth/all onely for he wolde
All kynredes shall be blessed (call me)
Of the whiche the thanke/o lorde be vnto the
With pryce and honour/of euery voyce and tonge
Thoro we armony/of loth fall vnyte
For this alone/be to thy name songe.

¶ For he to me hath/do thynges greate
Of hygh renowne/and passinge excellence
His grace made/fully me to sete
For he is myghty of his magnifycence
His name holy/and moste of reuerence
That wyll I leue/but shall me neuer lerne
With all my trs we faythfull diligence
To thanke hym/of all my hole herte.

¶ And he his mercy/moste passyngly famous
For kyn to kyn/& so downe to kynrede
Shall thoro we his grace/be so plenteous
Perpetually that it shall procede
And specially to them/that louen and drede
Wyne owne lorde/with herte wylle and mynde
To suche his pyte/shall euer springe & spede
Of due right/& neuer be behynde.

¶ He hath his arme enforced/& made stronge

His dredefull myght/that men may se & knowe
And proude men/they reyne not full longe
He lesued hath/& made hem full lowe
With al his herte downe of the whele hem throwe
For to abate her surquedrie and pryde
Or they were ware/her pompe was ouer throwe
Full sodenly/and leyde her boste a syde.

¶ And myghty tyraunte/from her ryall se
He hath adapted/and I put adowne
And humble and meke/for her humilite
He hath enhaunced to full hygh renowne
For he can make a transmutacion
From lowe to hygh/as it is sene full ofte
And when hym list the dominacion
Of wordly pompe/to fall full vnsofte.

¶ He hath fulfilled/and fostered in her nede
With the goodes of plentuous largenes
Hem that were hongry/& indygent in dede
And hem relieued/of all her wretchednes
And he the riche/hath raught from his richesse
Full wyde & waste/to make vpon the playne
And sodenly plunged in distresse
All solytary/& left hym ligge in payne.

For he his chylde/chosen of Israell
Benignely hath taken to his grace
And of his mercy/is remembred well
To voyde onely/vengeaunce from his face
And humble peace/shall occuppe his place

And pyte shall be sesed in his stall
And trouthe shall his right/ so enbrace
To sette mercy/ aboue his Werkes all.

¶ As he hath spoken/ & faythfully behight
To our fathers/ that hath ben here tofore
To Abraham/ & to his sede of right
That his mercy shall laste euermore
For nere his mercy/ all the worlde were lore
Unto the whiche to make man attayne
He hath made mercy/ our kynde to restore
And of all his werkes/ to be souerayne.

¶ Howe our Lady after the byrthe of sayne
Johan Baptiste tourned to Nazareth.
Capitulo. xxiii.

And whan this blessed gracious dyte
Was sayd to god/ deuoutly of Marie
Kynde after playnly/ howe that she
Styll in the house/ bode of Zacharie
Thre monthes/ the Gospell may not lye
And after that/ I rede in certayne
To Nazareth/ that she went agayne.

¶ And there aboue/ in contemplacion
In her prayers/ alway day by daye
With many an holy meditacion
To queme her lorde/ in what she can or maye
From whome her thought/ went neuer awaye
Her full mynde/ ne her remembraunce

For but in hym/ she hath no plesaunce.

¶ In all this worlde/ of no maner thynge
For all her ioye/ was on hym to thynke
What euer she dyd/ prayeng or worchynge
Nothinge/ but he might in her herte synke
For synally/ whether she wake or wynke
Amyd her herte/ he was alway present
So fyre on hym was sette her hole entent.

¶ And day by day/ this holy lyfe she lad
This party ymayde thorowe hygh deuocion
So feruent loue/ vnto god she had
There may be made no deuision
For she sequestred her oppynion
From all the worlde/ & let it playnly gone
So hole to god/ she gaue her herte alone.

¶ For euer in loue/ she brent more and more
Towarde god/ in his hygh seruice
Was all her luste/ with herte sette so fore
All erthely thynge/ she fully doth despyse
And day by day/ her wombe gan to syle
Through the fulfilling of the holy ghoste
Therin by loke/ whoms she loued moste.

¶ This mene while Joseph ay sojourned
In Galilee/ god wote full innocent
Of all this thynge/ and why he not returned
Was for that he was so diligent
In Carpentrye/ with all his full entent

Sondry werkes of meruaylous empryse
By carpentrye/to forge and deuise.

¶ For in this craste inpassyng excellence
He had in soth/& hygh discression
And was had/moste in reuerence
Of all the werkmen/of that regyon
And for he had in connyng/suche renowne
Lyke a mayster/there is nomore to saye
The werkmen all his brodyng dyd obaye.

¶ And when he had all werke acheued
He is repayred to Nazareth agayne
But lorde howe he was in his herte ameued
When that Marie/he hath with childe ysleyne
That sore astoned/he nat what he may sayne
So at his herte/it sat so inwardly
Tyll at the laste/he abrayed sodaynly.

¶ And sayd alas/howe it is fall of newe
In myne absence/or what thyng may this be
Sithen this mayde/so faithfull & so trewe
Is with chylde/& god wote not with me
That somtyme had auowed chastite
And to my keppyng/she deliuered was
What shall I saye/of this sodeyne cas.

¶ What shall I answere/my selfe to excuse
Vnto the bysshop/yf he me appele
For eyther muste I playnly her accuse
Or my gylte/with this gylte enuele

This thynge is opene/ I may it nat encloſe
O bleſſed god/ ſo do me nowe this grace
Out of my breſt/ this wofull ghoſte to trace.

¶ For certes lorde/ & it were thy wyll
I had leuer vtterly to dye
Than thorowe my worde/ this mayde for to ſpyll
As I mote nede/ yf I her bewraye
And on my ſelfe/ yf I the charge laye
For to afferme ſhe hath concepuyd by me
I mote accuſe her vowe of chaſtyte.

¶ And ſo my ſelfe/ appeche of vntreuth
Sithen I in ſoth dyd/ her neuer knowe
O bleſſed lorde/ haue on this mater reuthe
For vtterly/ my wyt is brought ſo lowe
To ſee corne growe/ where no ſede is ſowe
And reaſon alſo platly can I none
Howe a mayde with chylde ſholde gone.

¶ And floure forthe/ in her virginite
I neuer ſawe/ ne neuer yet dyd rede
And this I doute/ my reaſon can nat ſe
Howe that Marie/ hath kept her maydenhede
In myne abſence/ & this I double drede
My witte is brought/ & wote not where to tourne
For double cauſe/ that I haue nowe to mourne.

¶ That one is this/ that my fantaſye
May nat accorde/ that ſhe dyd offence
And reaſon playnly/ agayn warde doth denye

And vpon kynde/grounded his sentences
To preue sothely/without resistence
That neuer woman/in natures sight
Without a man/a chylde conceyue myght.

¶And with that worde/he brest out for to wepe
Lyke as the wolue/all in teres drowne
And for the constreynt/of his syghes depe
Stode on the poynt/for to haue fallen downe
His sodayne wo/made hym almoste sowne
So for distresse this Joseph/fat in age
Of inwarde thought/cought was in a rage.

¶Howe the Maydens that weren attendaūt to our Lady comforted Joseph Capitulo. xxiiii.

AND whan the Maydes weren ay present
And euer in one abyding on Marie
And vnderstode/what that Joseph mente
All atones/they began to crye
And saide Joseph/leue thy fantasye
And thyne errour/for it is folye
Without auyse/to deme sodaynlye.

¶And certenly/with all our herte entere
Of knowlegynge/in very sykernesse
We wyll recorde/euerichone in fere
All openly touchyng her clennesse
And here vpon here openly wytnesse
Lyke as we knowe/vnto this same daye

Though all this worlde/at ones wyll say nay.

¶ For we in soth/thorowe busy diligence
Haue ben with her/bothe day & nyght
And neuer departed/out of her presence
But euer in one/had of her a syght
And late & erly/with all our myght
On her awayted/without wordes mo
And from our sight/she dyd neuer go.

¶ And euery houre/bothe tyde and tyme
Of vs/there was no deuysion
And all the morowe tyde/tyll hygh prymme
She neuer stynte/of her deuocion
To be in prayer/and in oryson
And eche day by continuaunce
A certeyne houre/she had a dalyaunce.

¶ With holy angels/that with her kneld or stode
And on a tyme/thorowe goddes purueyaunce
Of his hande/she toke her holy fode
As nedefull was to her sustenaunce
And this in soth/hath ben her gouernaunce
And as we echone/of her can recorde
Wherfore Joseph/this lyfe doth not accorde.

¶ In sothfastnes/of thyne opynion
That so mysdemeth/of this mayden fre
Of fantasye/or of false suspection
For to accuse her vyrginite
Of whiche thynge/we dare ensure the

That no wight/made lothely to deuyle
But the holy ghoste/her wombe for to ryse.

And here/vpon we recorde can
Of all the tyme/thou were in Galilee
She neuer alone/with was no man
And what she spake/we myght here and se
Wherfore Joseph/let thy tales be
And deme nat amys/in worde nor in thought
For all this thyng/by goddes hande is wrought.

And by his angels/comyng on message
Is this thynge fully brought aboute
Therfore Joseph/let thyne yre asswage
And of Marie/be nothyng in doute.
Certes quod he/I may not voyde oute
My fantasye to assent in any wyse:
It shulde be lyke/as ye nowe deuyse.

For by an agell/it were impossible
Her to conceyue/lyke as ye witnesse
But yf it so were/that it be credyble
Some wyght by sleyght/takyng the likness
Of an angell/thorowe fraudelent falsenes
Thorowe innocence/shortly to conclude
By engyne of fraude/hes thought to delude.

And efte agayne/for his inwarde payne
He gan to chaunge/bothe face and hewe
And from his eyen/the salte teres rayne
Lyke as he wolde drowne hym selfe of newe

So sore he gan in herte for to rewe
For this matter that for his mortall wo
He can no rede ne wote what he may do.

And in his herte he caste many awaye
To haue fonde refuse with all his full mynde
And thought alway he wolde her nat betraye
For he was rightfull playnly as I fynde
And thus he gan in sondry thoughtes wynde
As in Balaunce for posled vp and downe
Tyll at the laste in conclusion.

He purposeth fully & casteth hym vtterly
To go his waye sothely if he wyght
And thought he wolde forsake her pryuely
And neuer more to come in her sight
Tyll an Angell on the same nyght
Sent downe from god to Joseph dyd appere
Whyle that he slepte and sayde as ye shall here.

How the Angel warned Joseph to abyde with our Lady. Capitulo. xxvi.

O Thou Joseph ne drede thou not blyue
Thou the sone of Dauid of lyne by dissent
For to take Marie to thy wyue
Whyche is a mayde with all her full entent
With whome is ay the holy ghoste present
Of whome god as I the tell before
In veray soth that shall of her be borne.

¶ And like in soth as writeth Thesseaurus
Of this mater/ that for cause thus
Unto Joseph as he telleth vs
The Angell came/ and for he sayde that he
Sithen he was righteuall/ that was a degree
Of purpose rightefull/ he sholde busyghefully
This holy mayde/ forsake prively.

¶ Another cause/ he wyttath thexpresse
That his forsakinge/ might to hes name
Be dishonour and cause unsothfastnesse
Of vntreue tonges/ for to speke her shame
And though in her/ there were no spotte of blame
Suspection to hoyde/ on euer eyther syde
The Angell bad/ that Joseph shulde abyde.

¶ The thyrde cause/ & also moste trewe
Was that he with moze diligence
Sholde her kepe/ whan he the soth knewe
That she was clene/ without all offence
And wiste playnly/ that by magnificence
Of the holy ghoste/ his erreur to enchace
Concepued hath this mayde full of grace.

¶ And when Joseph abrayed/ out of his slepe
And in his herte/ by reuoluction
Gan to calke/ and to take kepe
Agaynste the moze we/ of his suspicion
He caught comforte/ and consolacion
Of all that euer he was afore dispayred
And to Marie agayne/ he repayred.

¶ And thanked god/ with all his hole herte
That he to hym/ hath so graciously
In recompleyte of his inwarde smerte
His grace wrought/ declared openly
And of his sely full benignely
He asketh mercy of humble affection
That euer to her/ he had suspection.

¶ And of his errour/ & of his trespace
This hoye greye/ with all humilite
With weppynge eyen/ gan to aye grace
And she alone/ of womanly pyte
His heuines/ whan she dyd se
Comforted hym/ in all that euer she might
And he alone/ in all theyr sight.

¶ And all her maydens/ standinge enuyron
Gan euen thus/ for to crye lowde
Certes quod he/ my derke suspection
Came of blyndenes/ for I none other coude
But nowe in soth/ the myst blacke cloude
Of ignoraunce/ is so clarefyed
That all the trouth/ to me is bereyed.

¶ Thoyowe grace of god/ that myne olde rude
Is nowe from me chaced clene awaye (nesse
Haue me excused/ of my derke dulnesse
With all myne herte/ benignely I praye
My nyght of errour/ is rouñed in to daye
That I may nowe/ with myne eyen olde
The bright bemes of Tytan well beholde.

¶ That for derknes I nyste what to done
Onely for lacke of his bemes bright
Weren me berafte tho; owe the clowdy mone
And hath within me no clere insighte
That this Eclips was caused all to sone
By her lodeyn interpocellion
That was cheke grounde of my suspercion.

¶ This is to sayn that myne erthely thought
So was oppressod derked and bozne downe
That woldely skyes that I myght nought
Ne was noz wozthy to haue inspecion
Of this derke knowelege by relacion
Tyll the sonne of his grace dyd shyne
My wytte Eclipsed fully to enlumyne.

¶ Foz he to me hath his Angell sent
Wyne ignozaunce fully foz to clere
Wherfoze of you in all my best entents
O ye maydens that be present here
I axe mercy with all myne herte entere
Of all that euer that hath be spoken & sayd
And lowly I prayc you be not euyll a payd.

¶ And they echone thanked god of all
With herte and wyll bothe in wozde and dede
That he on Joseph hath inspecially
His grace of newe made foz to spzede
To voyde awaye all his hole drede
Of euery concept and imageninge
To make hym knowe the trouthe of this thynge.

¶ There thorowe in lorh/the toye gan renewe
Amonge hem all echone/of one accorde
The armonye entuned/was so trewe
Betwene hem that/there was none discorde
Nat so moche as a litell worde
And thus in ioye/a whyle I lete hem dwell
And of the Bysshops/forth I will tell.

¶ Howe the Bysshop dyd do sompmon Joseph for our Lady was with chylde Capitulo. xxvii.

DUchynge this thynge/playnly yt I conne
Howe worde by worde/sothely in sentence
Of this thynge/the rumour is yronne
And reported/that thorow necligence
Of this Joseph: or by vyolence
Howe that Marie/goth with chylde greate
Wherfore they haue/in a sodeyn heate.

¶ Cyted hym afore hym to apere
And he came forthe/with sober countenaunce
Of whome anone/the Bysshop gan enquere
Alyathar of his gouernaunce
From poynt to poynt/with euery circumstaunce
Touchinge this thynge/what it might amounte
Or howe that Joseph wolde yeue a counte.

¶ That Marie debonayre and so mylde
That somtyme was/of suche oppynyon
In the temple/is greate nowe with chylde
Of our Lady. M.iii.

Of tonges large/ and euery fantasye
As is sometyme shewed by the hewe
Of them that drynke the dryuke of Jelosye
As Aumett dothe clerely specefye
Wherfore anone/ there is nomore to seye
Make you redy/ for ye dothe tweye.

¶ Shulle make a taste/ whether it be soure or sote
There is none/ agaynsay ne excusacion
Tyll the trouthe/ be typed in the rote
Ne shullen proceede/ to this conclusion
That god lisse make/ a declaracion
Of all this thynge/ for fauour or for routhe
There is no mene/ but the playne trouthe.

¶ For yf god liste/ that your innocence
Lyke your delette/ by openly excused
Than is your merite/ of your excellence
That ye forsone/ falsely were accused
And sithen this prefe/ may nat be refused
But that ye muste/ obeye to the lawe
Come of anone/ & you not withdrawe.

¶ Do lette her forth/ and brynge her to presence
That hath in vertue/ so excellent a name
In whome was neuer yet founde offence
But vnto this tyme/ euer floureth in her fame
And standeth at large/ from euery maner blame
Nowe let her come/ & lyke as god your ewre
For you disposeth/ taketh your auenture.

¶ And she anone / was of her frendes brought
Knowinge not / what all this might mene
Deuoyde of drede / bothe in herte and thought
For drede in soth / may nat do no tene
To conscience / that is of synne clene
Ne vengeaunce / there no place occupyeth
Where innocence / a soule vngylty gyeth.

¶ For the syre may no whyle brenne
After the brondes be taken awaye
Ne the ryuer holde his course and renne
The hede syrynge drye / sothely this is no naye
Ne vengeaunce playnly / make may none assaye
To execute agaynst innocence
Ne voyde of synne his mighty violence.

¶ For nothinge but synne / may engender shame
For selde or nat / ben the chekes sede
Of hym in soth / that is deuoyde of blame
For who so is clene / taketh lutell hede
To wynke or blenke / for ony maner drede
And for the assaute / of ony misty cloude
Light of vertue / may no whyle shroude.

¶ It may a while / be derked with a skye
As is amonge the fayre bright sonne
And with the wyndes / of malice and enuye
The clere sterres / often weren donne
But whan trouth / sette abroche his tonne
To make the soth / openly be knowe
The wynde of falsenes / may no lenger blowe.

¶ How our Ladyes frendes waxed and
meaned whan the Byl shoppes made so
strange a pyece of her virginyte.

Capitulo. xxxi.

Whan sythen trouthe/ may no whyle dare
Hoores shrynke/ ne hyde hym in his nesse
But lyke a sonne/ his light abroode declare
Whan she that was the veray chosen chesse
Of all clennesse/ and there with all the besse
Of all good/ howe myght it betyde
Her light of vertue/ to be sette a syde.

¶ That it nyll shyne/ maugre who sayth naye
Whan her beames ben openly discured
As golde in fyre/ fyned by assaye
And as the tryed/ siluer is depured
And she that was in vertue moste assured
Where the holy ghoste/ his dwellinge dyd sette
Howe myght than/ ony mystes lette.

¶ The clere light/ of her parfytnesse
Or ony maner pryse or probacion
In ony parte/ for to make it lesse
For light wyll out it may nat be borne downe
And so will trouthe haue dominacion
For ony falsenes/ that men can conspyre
Than she that was so fully sette a fyre.

¶ Of the holy ghoste/ ne dare but lytell dyspute
To dyrke water/ whether it be thycke or clere

To take a pzefe/of her maydenhede
Foz her harme/it ſhall haue no powes
Foz to deface her coloure oz her chere
But rather amende moze/and clarefye
The derke dymmynge/ of euery clowdeſkye

¶ And ſo Marie ſtandynge in the place
And all her frendes about enuyzon
Where men may ſe/vpon many a face
Of frendely routhe/and compaſſion
The ſalte teeres/fall and renne downe
Foz dzede and loue/ they had foz to ſene
So harde aſſaye/made on her age grene.

¶ But ſhe alwaye/conſtant as a wall
In thought in chere/abaſſhed neuer a dele
Ne in her herte/dzedeth nat at all
But vpon god/triſteth alwaye wele
That he of trouth/ſhall trye out the ſkele
And by that ſhe ſpake/but wozdes fewe
Withouten ſpeche/he ſhall the dede ſhewe.

¶ And whan the water fully was confecte
Lyke the ſtatute/and the rytes olde
Te Biſhoppe hath the cuppe fyzſte directe
Unto Joſeph and hym/the parell tolde
And manly/he gan it holde
And dzanke het vpzt chaunged nat his chere
And ſeuen tymes aboute the Aultere.

¶ He went than by cuſtome as he ought.

Of face and colour/alwaye lyke newe
And to Marie/also the Bysshope brought
A cuppe of water/& she of herte trewe
Accepteth ebe this godely freshe of hewe
And of the dranke/this holy pacyete mayde
All openly thus to god she sayde.

¶ How we our Lady prayed to god to shewe her virginite. Capitulo. xxxii.

O Sothfast lorde/that hast the knowlechynge
Of euery thynge/thorowe thy myght
And art so trewe/and so iuste a kyng
To hygh and lowe/thou wilt do right
And nothing may be shrouded fro thy sight
Thorowe none engyne/ne thy face asterte
But sothfastly knowest euery herte.

¶ So that no wight/fade may ne fayne
To forge the eye/of thy sapience
Nowe let thy grace/downe fro heuen trayne
Clerely in dede/and nat by apparence
To shewe in me/yf there be offence
Of any gylte/myne auowe to appeche
To the Aprape/so thy light to teche.

¶ That it be couthe/here all openly
To wete in soth/whether I in chastite
Haue ledde my lyfe as sayntfully
Lyke as thou knowest/for the loue of the
And if I haue my virginite

Conserued hole/this is myne oppynion
Make openly a demonstracian.

¶ And with that worde/the drinke she dyd taste
And went her course/aboute the Autre
And all the people gan to gasen faste
If any signe/dyd in her appere
Other in colour/countenaunce or chere
But all for nought/playnly as I tolde
The more on her/they loken and beholde.

¶ The more she was in her sight fayre
And lyke as Phebus/in Iuly grene maye
Whan she hath chased/the derke mysty ayre
Shyneth more clere/the bryght Somers daye
Whan thylke vapours/ben driuen clere awaye
Right so Ioseph/and also Marie
So fresshe were/in euery wightes eye.

¶ That to beholde/they thought it dyd hē goode
The longe daye in her oppynion
For in her face/alwaye was the bloode
Without paling/or any drawing downe
And alwaye more fayre of inspection
Of whiche thinge/the people gan meruayle
And for astoned/thoughten her wittes fayle.

¶ Howe the Bysshope and the people dyde hem of the assaye that was made to our Lady

Capitulo. xxxiii.

And in partye greatly/wheren displeasyd
Lest that god on hir/wolde take vengeaunce
For they so ferre/goddes might haue assayed
Of errour blynde and hetay ignoraunce
And right forthwith/of hertely repentaunce
They bonchen her hestes/with hystes wodertore
And all attones/fellen dawne afore.

¶ This holy mayde/with humble reuerence
And wolden her fete haue kyssed there awne
Askynge mercy/of her greate offence
And she forgaue it hem euerychone
And all the Bisshoppes/and the people gone
Benignely/to hynge her awaye
And to her paleyse/fully her conueye.

¶ Of whome the noyse/to the heuen sonye
With herte and speche/as they magnefye
The lorde aboue/in euery wightes tonge
Foryoye and nwythe/gan hym glorifye
And all the daye/thus in melodye
They ladde forth/tyll it drowe to eue
And goodly than/of her they toke her leue.

¶ And forth they went euery man his waye
In the storye as made is memorye
But Marie in all the haste she maye
Entred is in to her oratorie
As she that hath wonne the victorie
Of all tho that afore gan muse
Her maydenhede/of malice to accuse.

¶ And thoꝛwe her merite/hath ỳ mouthes shette
And lippes closed of hem/that weren in were
And day by day/kepynge her closette
Continuelly laye in hey pꝛayere
Expectaunt euer lyke/as ye shall here
With humble herte/and deuoute obeysaunce
Upon the tyme/of her delyueraunce.

¶ The holy ghoste/beynge ay her guyde
Her chaumbꝛe she kept/her day awaytinge
As ye shall here/if ye liste to abyde
And god tofoꝛne/yet oꝛ the byꝛdes singe
And oꝛ that Floꝛa/doth the flouꝛs spꝛynge
Tofoꝛe the calendes of Apꝛyll oꝛ of Maye
My purpose is playnly/if that I maye.

¶ Foꝛ to pꝛocede/foꝛth in his dyte
So as I can/oꝛ make mencion
Of the feste and solempnite
That called is/the Incarnacion
Onely thꝛough helpe/and supposicion
Of her that is so plenteous benigne
Oꝛ that Phebus entre in the signe.

¶ With this caꝛete/of the Aꝛiete
Of this feste/somwhat shall I wꝛyte
But o alas/the Rethoꝛikes swete
Of Petrake fraunces/that coude so endyte
And Tullius/with all his woꝛdes whyte
Full longe agone/and full olde of date
Is dede alas/and passed into fate.

¶ A commendacion of Chaucers. Capitulo. xxiiii.

AND eke my maister Chaucers nowe is gra
The noble rethoze/Poete of Britaine (ue
That worthy was/the lauere to haue
Of Poettie/and the palme attayne
That made firste/to distille and rayne
The golde dewe dropes/of speche & eloquence
In to our tonge/thrugh his excellence.

¶ And fonde the floures/firste of rethorike
Our rude speche/onely to enlumine
That in our tonge/was neuer none hym lyke
For as the sonne/bothe in heuen shyne
In myddaye spere/downe to vs by lyne
In whose presence/no sterre may appere
Right so his dyties/withouten any pere.

¶ Euery makinge/with his light distayne
In sothfastnes/who so taketh hede
Wherfore no wonder/though myne herte playne
Upon his deth/and for sore we blede
For want of hym/nowe in my greate nede
That sholde alas/conueye and directe
And with his suppoze/amende and correcte.

¶ The wrongе traces/of my rude penne
There as I erre/and go not lyne rights
But that for he/ne may me nat kenne
I can remoze/but with all my myght

With all myne herte/ & myne inwarde syght
Prayeth for hym/that now lyeth in cheste
To god aboue/to gyue his soule good reste.

¶ And as I can/forthe I will procede
Sithen of his helpe/there may no socour be
And though my penne/be quakinge ay for drede
Nether to Clyo/ne to Calyope
We liste not call for to helpe me
Ne to no muse/my poyncell for to gye
But leue all this/and saye vnto Marte.

¶ O clere Castell/and the chaste Toure
Of the holy ghoste/mother and virgine
Be thou my helpe/conceyle and socoure
And let the stremes/of thy mercy shyne
In to my breste/this thyrde boke to fyne
That thorowe thy suppoyte/and benigne grace
It to parfourme/I may haue lyfe and space.

¶ Howe Criste was borne after the makinge
of the worlde/fyue thousande and hon-
dred/foure score and .xix. yere.
Capitulo. xxxb.

Whan all was hushte/& all was scilence
And in his course/the longe sterry night
was halfe paste/& frelshe of apparence
Lucina shone in heuen fayre and bright
Thy worde o lorde/that is moste of might
Whiche ay abideth/and parteth nat fro the

Sentez dissendeth from the Ryall see.

That sodeynly vp on all erthe
Shad his light for our saluacion
As I shall synge of mayes day the ferthe
If ye liste here of humble affeccion
Howe in the yere of computacion
Fourty and two of Octauian
Ferthermore after the worlde began.

Of fyue thousande as Beda liste defyne
And an hondred sothely this is no leace
And therewithall nynty yere and nyne
Whan all the worlde in rest was & in peace
Withouten warre and of Olimpiades
In the hondred nynty yere and thre
And by Cronycle eke as ye may se.

Than Augustus by cõmaundement
Generally withouten exception
Bad by his lettres that the president
Of eche prouince Cyte Borough or Towne
Thorowe out the worlde make discripcion
Of euery hede so that eche man
At a certeyn day in all the haste he can.

Vpon a payne be founde in the Cyte
Where he was borne without more delaye
Bothe hygh and lowe of what estate he be
After his statute his tribute for to paye
And that no man be hardy to say nay

To quyte hym selfe/ of euery circonstaunce
To make in open a reconisaunce.

With hande assured/ and hole profession
Of the prouidence/ to fore the president
That he is subiect/ vnto Rome towne
With all his herte/ and his hole entente
And here vpon/ that he payed his rente
As the custome/ and the statute bande
That is to say/ that he brenge in his hande.

A large peny/ enprinted with the name
And the ymage of the Emperour
And there vpon/ he shulde anone attame
A nother of newe/ and for the more honour
With hande touched/ swere for swete or soure
Whyle he liueth/ and neuer for to rewe
With herte and body/ playnly to be trewe.

To tempre/ his biddinge to obeye
Withouten grutchinge/ or rebellion
With all his might/ for to lyue and dye
And than anone/ the discripcion
Of euery hede/ in his owne towne
Was made in haste/ where that he was bore
And after that I fynde furthermore.

His name was regestred/ with hem there
Perpetuelly/ to be in mynde
And this discriuinge/ if ye liste to here
Was made fyrste in Syrie/ as I fynde:

Of our Lady. D.ii.

By one Cirinus/the people for to bynde
To be to Rome in subiection
For this Cirinus in that regyon.

It was perfected there vnder the Emperoure
In bokes olde/as made is mencion
And whyles he was theyr gouernour
Was fyrste than begonne the discripcion
The yere in soth/after the foundacion
Of mighty Rome/seuen hondred fyftene
At whiche tyme/with his beme shene.

It was fresshe Phebus/in his fyrste face
Of Capricorne/the lowest station
The same yere/called the yere of grace
The yere of confort and remission
Beynge the thyrtheneth the tuition
The golden nombre of the same yere
Eyghtene acounted in our calendere.

How Joseph & our Lady went to Bethleem to paye trybute. Capitulo. xxvi.

The yere of Herode/thyrty yere and one
Whan made was the discripsion
As ye haue herde/that Joseph muste gone
To Bethleem for conclusion
To paye his tribute/in his owne towne
As the statute afore dothe specefye
By cause that he/and also Marie

¶ Wherof the houſholde/ & the tribe bozne
Called Juda/ and of the kyntede
Of wozthy Dauid/ as I haue ſayde tofozne
And on her iourney/ as they gan hem ſpede
And holy Joſeph/ dyd her bzydell lede
And ſodeynly/ Marie than abzayde
And vnto Joſeph/ euen thus ſhe ſayde.

¶ I wys quod ſhe/ me thinketh that I ſe
Two folkes/ greately diſcozdinge
Upon the waye/ appertinge vnto me
That one reioyſinge/ that other compleyninge
To whome Joſeph benignely lokinge
Anſwered agayn/ & bad her tyde in peace
And pzayed her alſo/ nat to be recheleſe

¶ Dny wozdes foz to ſpeke in vayne
But holde her waye/ and her iourney right
And vnwarely afoze them in the playne
Appered an Angell/ with face ſterne & bzight
Of whome the beaute/ gaue a pleaſaunt light
The place enuyzon/ and a ſwete odoure
And his clothynge/ lyke the Lyly floure.

¶ Was whyte in ſoth/ as ſnowe that falleth newe
Whiche gan anone/ chere and loke to meue
And therewithall/ with a chaunged hewe
Began alſo Joſeph to repzeue
And ſhoztely bad his wozdes that he leue
And ſayde in ſoth/ that he was to blame
Foz to be bolde/ ony wozdes to tame.

¶ Agaynste Marie/through thy negligence
To laye that she spake/ony wordes vayne
For that she sawe/was none apparence
But verayly/as she hath it sayne
For truste me well/and be right certayne
Of this folke/of whiche she spake to the
In lothfastnes/lyke as thou shalt se

¶ Wen the folkes/and the peoples twayne
That ben disseuered/in full large space
That one of Jewes/that wepe shall and playne
With many tere distillinge in her face
That wilfully/shall refuse his grace
Of frowarde herte/for to be benigne
To deuoyde/and playnly to resigne.

¶ The Synagoge/with her rightes olde
Whiche in shorte tyme/shall drawe to decline
And her faces quenche/and were colde
With sacred light/that weren wonte to shyne
For tyme is come/that they muste fyne
And the waylinge/of her derked chere
Unclose shall/& shewe as bright and clere.

¶ This tyme of grace/fully to obeye
With herte & will/& with humble chere
For goddes worde/that no man may withsaye
Hath hasted it/gone full many a yere
To Abraham/and also Isaac in feare
And to Jacob/that in her holy sede
Full hastely/who so will take hede.

¶ Shall all the peoples blessed be
Throughout the worlde / in euery lande & reme
And with that worde / that Joseph might se
The Angell stye aboue the Sonne beme
And he goth forthe / towarde Bethleme
With Marie / tyll that they bothe twayne
In full litell space / gan to attayne.

¶ To the bondes of Bethleem the cyte
Wery and mate / comdele of her vyage
Where they founden / of people suche plente
In the cyte / of euery maner age
That they might haue / no maner herbegage
In all the Towne / neyther boure ne hall
Saue a stable / and a litell stall.

¶ That was sequestred / and Jsette a syde
Out of all prees / the story sayth expresse
Made for bestes / therin to abyde
Full streyte & narowe / shadoweth with derkneſſe
In to the whiche / Joseph gan hym dresse
With Marie / to reste there all night
And as she entred / a newe sodeyn light.

¶ All the place / enlumined enuyron
That shone as bright / as ony somers day
So that this litell humble mancion
Was freſshe and light / as Phebus is in May
Whiche gan to wexe / and encreace ay
Whyle she was there / all be that it was night
And right anone / the sothfast Sonne of light.

¶ Of all our ioye/call hym to ayde
And shewde his light/to glade all mankynde
For to warde midnight/shortly to deuyse
Whan all was hushte/holy writte maketh mynde
As softely as he dyd hym wynde
In the sydes of this holy mayde
So esely this newe sonne obrayde.

¶ Whan he was borne/in to this mortall lyfe
Upon the erthe/to shewe his brightnesse
Without helpe/of ony midwyfe
Or of his mother/trauayle or sekenesse
For she that tyme conceyued in clennesse
It sat right well/that she shulde also
Without trauayle/or ony maner wo

¶ For to go quyte/at her deliueraunce
And specially/haue a prerogatyfe
In her chyldinge/to fele no penaunce
Sithen she was mayde/mother and wyfe
Chosen of god/for to fynde our stryfe
Of all women by her selfe alone
Wherfore it sat nat her to crye and grone.

¶ Lyke to other women/that be inly syke
In the tyme of theyr trauaylinge
Wherfore sithen/she was to none other lyke
No payne felte she/the houre of her childinge
And as I fynde/at her deliueringe
There was no wight/but her selfe alone
For thylke tyme/Joseph was out gone.

Howe Joseph went to seche a mydwyfe to our Lady. Capitulo. xxxvii.

IN full greate haste/to enquere and seke
Some mydwyfe to helpe in this nede
And in this whyle/with her eyen meke
She chylded hath/this floure of maydenhede
And homeagayne/as Joseph gan hym spede
And to the place/the mydwyues brought
Euen at the doze/abasshed in her thought.

SToden still/astoned of that light
And the brightnesse/that shone in the place
Agayne kynde/that tyme of the night
That they ne might/susteyne in her face
And no wonder/for the Sonne of grace
Within whiche caste his light so ferre
Of whome the Mone/and eche other Sterre.

REceyuen her light/eueriche in her spere
All by that he laye/here in erthe lowe
In a stable/with his sacred chere
Sole with his mother/that no man dyd knowe
Of whome her loke/she meekely gan to throwe
Godely beholdynge/his fayre yonge face
And kneelynge downe/began to embrace.

HIs tender lymmes/in her armes twayne
And wrapped hym in clothes tenderlye
And toke hym vp/& softely gan hym leyne
In her lappe/and sith humbly

She beheldeth his features by and by
So fayre shapen/in party and in all
And with her mylke/very celestiall.

¶ And heuenly lycour/of her poppes swete
His tender lymmes/she sprede in euery coste
The whyte bawme/to make it auale
Fet from the conduyte/of the holy ghoste
Upon the thynge/that she loued moste
And gaue hym so wke/of the pyment sote
That spronge & grewe out of the holy rote.

¶ Of maydenhede/& from the chaste hyne
Of all clennes/was J treped oute
Wherwith she made her ponge chylde to dyne
Whome heuen & erthe/muste obeye and lowte
All be that he/with beastes hym aboute
Laye humbly/as yt haue herde deuyse
And after this/his mother dyd aryse.

¶ And lyfte hym vp/sothely in to the stall
Where the Asse and the Oxe stode
And on her knees/she gan anone to fall
And worshipped hym/this beste of all good
That gyueth to Angels/and to man food
And than this mayde/with deboneyr cheere
With face erecte/and handes eke in fere.

¶ A deuoute prayer/that our Lady made
whan Christe was borne.
Capitulo. xxxiiii.

TO god aboue/ began thus for to preye
O lorde quod she/ with all my full might
Tho whome eche thynge/ iustely muste obeye
To the/ I than as it is skyll and right
That thou so godely liste/ to haue a sight
To my mekenes/ though I vnworthy be
And nat disdayne/ of thy benignite.

To graunte onely/ of thy hygh goodnesse
Me to encrece/ in to suche excellence
To be a mayden/ and mother in clennesse
To bere thy sonne/ and thy sapience
That neuer twynneth/ out of thy presence
But in heuen abydeth ay with the
And in erthe/ mekely nowe with me.

Lyeth in a stable/ of chere moste debonayre
To forre my face/ my ioye and my confort
Whiche with the lokinge/ of his eyen fayre
Is hole my gladnes/ and fully my disport
Soth fast pleasaunce/ and my chefe resort
My dere sonne/ and my lorde also
Tho whome with herte/ & all that I can do.

In thanke the lorde/ that liggest me before
That thou liste chese/ to haue affection
Of me so mekely/ in the erthe to be borne
And fro thy father/ to discende adowne
Onely for helpe and saluacion
Of mankynde freely of thy will
My blessed chylde/ that so good and skyll.

¶ Suggest nowe here/meekely by sufferaunce
Amyd the beastes/so sayth vpon to se
And haste no wight/to thyne attendaunce
Lyke thyne estate awaytinge vpon the
Saue that thou haste/so godely chosen me
Of thy grace/vpon the to abyde
I to serue/and thou to be my guyde.

¶ Is it is right/ Joseph with vs twayne
To take his parte/what foztune so betyde
Lyke as thou list/of grace to ozdayne
And than anone/right in the selfe tyde
Joseph cam ine/and stode her beside
And sodeynly/whan he the chylde doth se
Full humbly kneluge/on his kne.

¶ Howe the midwyfe durste nat entre with Joseph in to the house foz a greate light appered within. Capi. xxvij.

¶ Ozshipped hym/w all his herte & might
W With all his will/& all his full thought
And tolled Marie/foztolde of the light
The midwyues/that he had brought
Astonyd were/that durste nought
Entre me/but kepte hem aferre
Foz cause onely/that a newe sterre.

¶ Ascended was/vpon that mancion
That spredde his light/thus beames shyne
From eftesones welke/thozowe out the region

That all they/that dyd it sene
Gan faste muse/what it might mene
And in her hertes/greately for to charge
That a sterre/so bright/so fayre and large.

¶ Of newe dyd appere/in that reem
That neuer none suche was sene tofore
Of whiche sterre/prophetes in Jherusalem
That tyme were astoned/wondere sore
Sayden playnly/without any more
That this sterre/dyd signifye
Thylke sterre/whiche in his prophecye.

¶ Howe Balaam prophecied/the sterre that shewed Christes byrthe.

Capitulo. xl.

BAlaam the sone of Beor/as I fynde
Commendeth so/in all his beste wyse
Whan he sayde sothely/of the kynde
Of worthy Jacob/a sterre sholde aryse
And eke also/as he doth deuise
Full openly/the Byble can you tell
Howe that a yerde/out of Israhell.

¶ Shall springe also/to smyte and oppresse
The fette dukes of Moab/with her might
And he shall waste/in warre sothfastnesse
The chyldren of Sethe/and of kynde right
With the shynynge of his beames bright
Conquere also/to his subiection

Without obstacle/and have possession.

¶ Of Ydume for his heritage
With many another riche regyon
And of Seyr/the riche Baronage
Shall to hym lowte/for his rens wne
So that this Sterre ne enclyneth
Whiche in Bethleem/bright of sterres all
The whiche above the litell Oxes stall.

¶ So shene shone/at the Natiuite
Of the chylde/as ye haue herde me tell
Betokeneth playnly/as ye shall after here
That the lorde of heuen/erthe and hell
Whiche may of Noah/the cyrcan myst fell
Was there by lokke/& helde his hostage
In a stable nere we/as ony cage.

¶ Amonge beastes though/he were lorde of all
And all this/may at his will gouerne
Whiche in his hande/hangeth as a ball
In very soth/his myght is so eterne
And all this chynge/Marie gan conceyue
Within her selfe/syker and full close
And after that/she mekely vp rose.

¶ How our Lady stepped the mid wyues
Capitulo. xii.

AND to the doze/wonder womanly
She went a pace/and whan she vp se

The mydwyues full hertyngely
She brought hem/in with all humilite
Shephoza/and alsa Salome
And hem welcometh/in full lowe maneere
And whan that they/these signes sawe in fere.

¶Of the sterres/and the bestes kneele
Towarde the chylde/to do hym reuerence
And gan also/by other tokens fele
Of maydenhede/that there was none offence
And that she stode hole in that excellence
Of parfyte clennesse/and virginite
And mother to be/and floure in chastyte.

¶Without en wemme/on any party founde
Of all the pzeues/that they make coude
And whan they sawe/her pappes so habounde
With heuenly mylke/sent from aboue the cloude
Shephyra gan thanne to cryen full lowde
That a mayde hath a chylde borne
The whiche thynge was nat sene before.

¶In all this worlde/who so lyke to take hede
For it in soth/the sight of all nature
Passeth playnly/and also doth excede
The wytte of man/I do you well assure
But I se well through/the mighty cure
Of goddes hande/this thynge is brought aboute
Wherof platly/I am nothynge in doubte.

¶But assented with herte and hole credence

Wanings theron/ made and kept
And thane anone/ for hyr grete offens
And for wantruste/ of hyr fadyrs Herode
Openly that all men myght se
Were in that armes dede and colde as a stone
With whiche she was hardy for to gone.

¶ How the handes of Salome were drye. Capitulo. xlii.

THe chylde to touche/ of presumpcion
And his mother/ without reuerence
Deuoyde of dredes/ or of deuocion
Or any faythfull humble auertence
Done as her dought/ of his magnificence
Wherfore anone/ for her hygh trespace
All openly/ in the same place.

¶ She punished was/ that all myght se
And gan for sorowe/ wepe and complayne
And layd to hyr/ hande ppte vpon me
And of mercy/ se we vpon my payne
And of myne offence/ that thou nat disdayne
Ne to thyne hyghnes/ it be no displesaunce
That I a wrecche/ blynde of ignorauncs.

¶ Offended greuously hath in thy sight
Of whiche vnconnynge/ and vnpfession
And sodenly/ in all theyr sight
Euen amiddes/ of that mancion
An Angell bright/ sent from heuen vnto me

Dyd appere/bitwinne her armes
With deuoute herte/that she sholde goue.

¶ Full humbly/in her beste entente
Unto the chylde/for to haue socoure
And touche the hemme/of his vesture
Reuerently and with greate honoure
For he in soth/is the sauyoure
Of all the worlde/and of all mankynde
And power hath playnly to vnbynde.

¶ All tho that playnen/and ben in distresse
Whan they to hym/mekely will call
And Salome/deuoutly gan her dresse
Towarde the chylde/and on her knees fall
And sayde/o lorde that power haste of all
Let thy mercy/on me spede
For to socoure me/in this greate nede.

¶ Me wretched wight/punysshed rightfully
And loste for euer/saue onely thy grace
For in soth/saue onely thy mercy
I haue loste myne arme/alas for my trespace
And with that worde/as she dyd enbrace
To touche the cloth/that he laye in bounde
Without more/this Salome hath founde.

¶ Remedye/and was made hole agayne
Sodenly/or she coude it spye
And vp she rose/and made no lenger sayne
But in the strete/openly gan to crye

Howe the lorde/ that all this worlde may gye
Descended is/ and bycome man
And whiles/ that she thus in the steete can

¶ Tellinge the byrthe/ and of the sterre also
And of her name/ and of her sodeyn cure
The people gan faste to drawe to
To herken more of this aduenture
For in her speche/ some gan hem assure
And that her wordes myght be credible
And specially/ for to them vysyle.

¶ The sterre shone euer aboue the house
Ay lyke fyr/ without motion
So bright/ so longe/ so glad/ so toyouse
That all that inspection
In herte parfyte/ and trewe entencion
That they weren reioysed/ and made lighe
And all this thynge/ felle vpon the night.

¶ On a sondap/ myne auctour will nat lye
As ye may fynde/ if ye liste to rede
The .viii. Kalendes/ for sothe of Januarie
Whan Maries example/ of maydenhede
Was of age/ who so will take hede
Thirtene yere this floure of Nazareth
At the vysion of sayne Elizabeth.

¶ Playnly recordeth/ loke and ye may se
And in this myght of moste worthynes
Of Christes byrthe/ and natiuite

As the Gospell sayth/and beareth witnes
Whan the Shepeherdes/with greate besynes
Kepte her watche the longe wynters night
Upon her shepe/an Angell with greate light.

How the Angels appered to the Shepe herdes/and tolde the byrthe of Christe

Capt. xliii.

AWyd the felde/to hem dyd appere
And gaue hem confort in her greate drede
And bad hem be light/and glad of chere
For I quod he/shewe to you in dede
A toye that doth euery toye excede
That fynally shall of all dysease
To all folke/confort be and ease.

CAnd be to hem refuyte and socoure
In all my myscheues and aduersite
For nowe this day/mankyndes sauyour
In Bethleem/of Dauid his cyte
Is borne in soth/lyke as ye may se
Goth and beholdeth/howe that is fall
And ye shall fynde/in a oxes stall.

CHowe that he lyeth/in clothes narowe wodde
This ponge faunte/with chere full benigne
The whiche thynge/whan that ye haue founde
That all is soth/let be to you a signe
And sodenly/with lawde & pryse condigne
With the Angell/the hole chyualrye

Of our Lady. M.ii.

Of all heuen/by one armony.

¶ For ioye herof/gan to saye and synge
Glorie and honour/in the heuenly se
Be vnto god/eternally and dustinge
And in erthe/peace and reste be
To all to men/that of one wyll
This hygh feste/honoure and magneste
And we echone/of one melodye.

¶ O mighty lorde/we prayse and bleste the
And worshyp eke/with humble reuerence
And glorifye/thyne hygh mageste
And thankinge/gyue to thy magnyficence
For thy glorie/and thyne excellence
O thou lorde god/o kynge celestiall
O god thy father/moste myghty founde at all.

¶ And god the sone/his chylde aboue eterne
Christ Jesu/borne of this heuenly Quene
O god also/the chosen lambe so derne
Sone of the father/wythouten spotte all clene
That doest away/the worldes synne and tene
Haue mercy on vs/of thyne hygh goodnesse
Syth thou thy selfe/in parfyte holynesse.

¶ Alone thou arte sothely/hooly and no mo
And lorde/alone ouer all thynge
And worthyest/and hyghest eke also
O Christ Jesu/of heuen and erthe kynge
With the holy ghoste/in glorie reygninge

By with the father/by eternite
Theꝛs knyt in one/thꝛough parfyte vnite.

¶ Howe the Shepeherdes founden Chꝛist
with our Lady. Capitulo. xliiii

AND whā the Angels/with this heuēly son-
The byꝛth of Chꝛist/had magnefyed (ge
With parfyte gladneſſe/that was hem amonge
To heuen anone/agayne they haue hem hyed
And the herdes by one accoꝛde a lyed
Ben haſtely vnto Bethleem gone
Where they founden/whan they came anone.

¶ Marie and Joſeph/and the chylde alſo
Leyde in a ſtable/accoꝛdinge euery dele
As the Angell had ſayde hem vnto
And of the light/they lyked wonder wele
And in hem ſelfe/gan knowe and fele
That all was ſoth/that they ſayde afoꝛe
Of the Angell/howe a chylde was boꝛne.

¶ Into this woꝛlde/mankynde foꝛ to ſaue
After the recoꝛde of olde pꝛophecye
Wheꝛof they gamne ſo greate a ioye haue
That all atones/they gan magnefye
God aboue/deuoutely and to gloꝛefye
Retoꝛninge hem/deuoyde of euery ſmerte
And Marie cloſe within her hert.

¶ Conſerued all that ſhe dyd ſe
Of our Lady. M.iiij.

Wozde and dede/and euery maner thynge
That befylle in this natiuite
Full secretely/theron ỹ mageninge
And ꝓuidently/her selfe gouerninge
Kepte her cone/with all her besy cure
Whyche on this day/as sayth Bonauenture.

CLyke as Spouse/from his chambze is goue
His chosen chyldze/thzough his benignite
In this chyzche/to toye hem of Spon
By parfyte peace/and soothfast vnite
And he this day/hath shewed the beaute
Of his face/of excellente fayrnes
In whose honours/this day of hygh gladnes.

CWas made the ympne/the Gospell sayth also
Our alther myzthe/and ioye to encrease
Glozia in excelsis deo:
And in erthe/this day a parfyte peace
To man was shewed/withouten ony lease
And as sayth the Poule/goddes benignite
This day appered/in our humanite.

CHowe god wolde nat be bozne/but of a
mayde mother and wyfe.
Capitule .xiv.

AND ouer this/as he eke tell can
God was this day in similitude
In erthe honoured/in lykenesse of man
And he this day/his godhede dyd exclude

In our manhode/and shortely to conclude
This day also/yf I shall nat fayne
Betyll also other thynges twayne.

¶ The wonderfullest/and moste meruaylous
That euer yet were sene to foze
Wherof no wight by kynde is cappous
Firste howe god to saue/that was foz loze
Lowly in erthe/lyke to be boze
And howe a mayde in her birgynite
Wight also chylde/and a mother be.

¶ The whiche thynges/passen and transcende
Reason of man/by kyndes ydeneste
But fayth aboue muste all comprehende
And it enbrace/by parfyte stableneste
And make hys grounde vpon the witneste
Of Prophetes/whiche in her prophecye
So longe afore/gan to speke and crye.

¶ After the comynge of this mighty Kynge
Our olde wo/and trouble to enchace
To whome Dauid sayde in his wrytinge
O blessfull lorde/shewe to vs thy face
And we in sothe/onely through thy grace
Shall saued be from all myschyef I drede
And also nowe in our greate nede.

¶ Sende to vs thy confortable light
Us to enlumine/leggynge in derkeneste
Eke Isaye/with all his inwarde sight

Up to heuen/ upon his loke to dresse
And sayde lorde/ of thy greate goodnesse
Out of deserte/ from the harde stone
Unto the doughter/ dwellinge in Syone.

¶ Sende downe thy lambe/ fulfilled with mekenesse
That lordshyp hath and dominacion
Of all the erthe/ our dole to redresse
And wolde god/ for our saluacion
This mighty lorde/ for to come a downe
The hygh heuenes/ wolde breke on twayne
Us to releue/ of that we so complayne.

¶ And Dauid spake/ ere this lorde vnto
In the Sawter/ our sorow was for to syne
And sayde lorde/ in relese of our wo
In hygh heuenes/ thy mercy make enclyne
And downe discende/ and let thy grace shyne
Upon vs wretches/ in the dale of sorowe
And lorde do dawe/ thy holy glade morowe.

¶ Quod Salamon/ and shewe to vs thy light
Of thy mercy/ and rewe on our distresse
And with thy vertues/ that be so woche of might
That no man may counte them ne expresse
Fulfylle Spon/ and with hygh gladnesse
Thy peoples hertes/ make to renewe
That thy Prophetes/ may be founde trewe.

¶ For out of the/ shall procede anone.
The myghty kynge/ and lorde of Israell

And nd we this day/is cozuen out of stone
Without handes of that holy hell
Of whiche somtyme the pzophete Daniell
In his boke wzote so longe afozne
To signefye/that there sholde be bozne.

At Iherusalem/where as a mighty kynge
Shall come in haste/his people to visite
And he shall bzinge peace in his comminge
Of whome the power/shall nat be slyte
Foz it shall laste/as hym liste to wzyte
From see to see and all the erthe spzede
Thozugh out the wozlde/in lenghis and bzede.

¶ And Baruch commaunded to Iherusalem
To be holde in all his beste entente
Towarde the bzightnesse/of the Sonne beame
And wysely loke/in to the Oziente
To se the gladnesse that this day is sent
Downe to the erthe/nowe that Chzist is bozne
Of whose cominge so many day afozne.

¶ Spake Isaye/& sayde in wozdes playne
The hygh heuens/do your grace adewe
And sayde also/the skyes sholde rayne
Upon erthe/her moysture foz to shewe
And bad the grounde eke in wozdes fewe
Foz to open/and thus this heuenly shoure
Foz to bzynge our alther sauyour.

¶ And Jeronime spake eke of this daye
Of our Lady. R.i.

And sayde on heyght/ god sholde make sede
A grayne of Dauid/ fayzer than Flouze in Maye
Wyche in freshnes/ shall euer spzinge & spzede
And conserue Juda of dzede
And eke Israhell kepe in sykernes
And he shall make dome and rightwisnes.

¶ Upon the erthe of hygh and lowe degre
And rightwisnes/ men shall his name call
Whan he cometh to sitte in the see
Of kynge Dauid/ in his ryall stall
And he also tofoze the prestes all
Bothe of Juda/ and Leui shall deuise
With newe encence/ to do sacrefice.

¶ To god aboue/ foz the greate offence
Of the people and ignozaunce
With his offeringe make recompence
Oz that the swerde be wherte of vengeaunce
Euenlyke as made is remembzaunce
In Malachie in the same wyse
This sonne of lyfe/ shall spzynge and aryse.

¶ To all tho/ that hym loue and dzede
And ben expectant with all humilite
On his cominge/ to suche he shall out shede
His light of grace/ at his natiuite
Wherfoze be glad/ lyke as it may be
Thou Bethleem Jcalled Effrata
Though thou be litell named in Juda.

¶ For out the shall procede anone
The mighty kynge and lorde of Israhell
And nowe this day is cozuen out of a stone
Withouten handes of that holy hell
Of the whiche sometyme the prophete Daniell
In his boke wrote so longe afozne
To signefye that there sholde be bozne.

¶ A chylde in soth without touche of man
Of a mayde after his behelde
That lyke a stone was I cozue out than
Whan he was bozne of this hygh feste
Onely to bete the crowne and the cheste
In Babilonte of the greate ymage
That made man kyzte foz to do oultrage.

¶ Foz nowe in soth comen is the day
Of Pzopheces so longe befozne behygte
Foz Chziste Jesu playnly this is no nay
Is lyke a stone who so loketh a right
Whiche by his wysdome & his fathers mighe
And the vertue of the holy ghoste
Was cozuen out so clene of euery coste.

¶ Of that blessed parfyte holy hill
That geoweth full of holsome floures fayze
Foz out of her that was in herte and will
A parfyte mayde humble and debonayze
Lyke as the dewe of heuen doth repayze
Upon hermon alwaye newe and newe
Amendynge ap the freshnes of her hewe.

¶ Right so thoꝛowe vertue lastinge ay in oure
Of thehole ghoste/this day of Pacte
Was scoꝛned out the sechfast angle stoon
Who me that pꝛophetes pꝛeyse and magnefy
Foꝛ she this day/was the glad skye
Whiche the chylde of Eye dyd se
So pleasantly dessende from the tre.

¶ Upon the erthe/naked and barayne
Of holsom faute/and of erbes sote
That hath shavde/the confoꝛtable rayne
The grayne of grace/foꝛ our alther bote
That perced hath/euen to the rote
Of our welfare/to do the leues spꝛynge
Foꝛ she alone/is the felde flouringe.

¶ That somtyme gaue so passinge a swetenes
To Isaac/whan he was fall in age
Of whiche he cast/so inwarde gladnesse
That hym thought hole his coꝛage
Renewed was/and with a glad vysage
Unto Jacob/of hertely ioye sayde
On his clothes/as he his handes layde.

¶ Howe Isaac pꝛophecied the byrthe of Crist
by touchinge of the clothes of his sone
Jacob. Capitulo. xlvi

O Jns owne chylde/and my sonne dere
The greate swetenesse/of ỳ freshe odoure
Of thy clothinge/to my ys so entere

That it for me destroydeth all langoure
Hayinge to fore/that there sholde a floure
Out of the felde/sprunge of his kynrede
The whiche sholde suche an odoure shede.

¶ That all worlde shall confort fynde & hele
In the swetenes/agaynste eche maladye
And soueraine helthe/in euery mischyef fele
So that this was no wight but Marie
That by dissent/came of his alye
Out of the whiche/to glade all our chere
This day in erthe/there dyd a floure appere.

¶ The swetest/yet that euer man beheldе
Passinge the Rose and the floure delyse
And of this holy fresshe fayre felde
Somtyme the spouse/spake in canticis
Whan he it sawe/so freshe at his deuyse
And habundaunt/of a tempre eyre
And that it was so passinge inly fayre.

¶ Howe the Garnet appell is lykened to our Lady. ... Capitulo. xlviii.

O Howe the bawme of heuenly lyroure
Of thy swetenes/with soueraine saffegarde
Lyke Paradyse/the dyth his vapoure
Erly & morowe/auoydinge all greuaunce
Lyke the frute/that is of suche plesaunce
The garnet appell/of colour goldenhewed
Thorowe whose odoure/the corage is renewed.

¶ Of euery wight that may the eyre receyue
For euen lyke as the golden ryude
Is playne & shyninge/ as ye may conceyue
His colour kepinge/ euer in one by kynde
And doth his peppynes in the scales bynde
To do confoyte to seke in her accesse
Right so Marie our sekenes to redresse.

¶ This day hath bozne/ the holsome holy fruyte
The fruyte of lyfe/ that with his swete bzeth
Is remedie/ and also eyese refute
To mankynde/ agayne the feuer of deth
For as the grayne/ of the garnet sleeth
The stronge Ares/ and doth the hete auale
Right so this day out of the golden scale.

¶ The holsome peppyne/ and the grayne of lyfe
Chzist Jesu gan fyzste to appere
And of Marie/ mother mayde and wyfe
The golden Garnet/ with his scales clere
Beynge all hole/ and euer a lyke entere
Was bozne in soth/ foz to refresshe bipue
Our olde Ares/ and right as the Dipue.

¶ This Dyle shedeth/ and bzaunce lese no tree
Appereth nat of kayznes ne coloure
Right so Marie/ flouringe in chastite
This day hat bozne our alther sauiour
The Dyle of peace to synte our langour
To softe our sozes/ and our swellinge slake
Of all our woundes/ whan they smerte oz ake.

¶And nowe this day/shortely for to wrpte
This blessfull tyme of the natiuite
Of ionge Joseph/the cote of politmite
Wrought by the poure of all the Trinite
Within the closette of chosen chastite
Parformed was/and by none hande of man
As Alexander well reherce can.

¶Within his boke/made in speciall
On Cantica/as ye may rede and se
The whiche clothe of purpell/moste ryall
Hewed with clennes of virginite
This day hath shewed in our humanite
The godhede hole/for bythis cloth is mente
Of our kynde/the freel garnemente.

¶Howe Joseph figured the Byrthe of Chrisste.
Capitulo. xlviii.

ALso this day of Joseph the canele
Amyd the felde/that dothe vertue floure
Was gadered vp by clennes euery dele
Whome all that other/gan worshippe & honoure
For in chastite/clene chosen bowre
Of mayden hede/this canell grewe by kynde
That whan the brethern of Joseph dyd bynde.

¶Eueriche his sheke/the Byble gan deuyse
Howe it stode vp/amonge hem euerichone
And all the other/gan attones ryse
And worshipped it mekely one and one

For this Joseph sawe this day alone
Sonne and Mone/and Sterres eke eleuen
To hym obeye/vpon the hygh heuen.

¶ And the lothlast garner of the holy graynt
Is sayth Guydo was a mayde swete
In whome was shytte sothely for to sayne
The sacred store/and eke the halowed whete
Of the seuen yeres that dyd in plente stere
For on this parfyte rote vertuous.
The seuen eres of grayne so plenteous.

¶ This day be growen/to full perfection
To saue Egipte in his greate nede
And for to be to hym saluacion
In crafte/whan he hath ende
For this is the grayne/that fostre and fede
With full repaste/woman chylde and man
And all his bretherne/dwellinge in Canaan.

¶ This ponge Joseph/this Joseph the seconde
Shall by his wytte/helpe and releue
And Jacob made in plente to abounde
With fulsum fode/at morowe and eke at eue
That the hounges/on no syde ne greue
Of the seuene yere/vnto his lignage
And lyke as Joseph/in his tender age.

¶ Thought he sawe/hygh vp in heuen
Sonne and Mone/in his auysion
And therwithall/Sterres eke elleuen

Honoure hym with greate deuocion
Of this Joseph excellinge of renowne
This newe Joseph/ Chriſte Jeſu hym ſelue
Of the Sterres/ and the ſignes twelue.

¶ Honoured was with lowe ſubiection
Though he laye lowe in a Oxes ſtall
For bothe regny and dominacion
And hole the courte/ abone celeſtiall
This hygh feſte/ for a memoriall
The laudes ſonge/ in the heuen quere
Lyke as Dauid bad in the Sautere.

¶ Prayſeth the lorde of the hygh empyre
And with one wyle/ his byrthe gloreſyeth
That hath with loue bzent and ſet a tyre
Seraphyns/ wherfore hym magnefyeth
Betwene two beaſtes/ though he in erthe lyeth
Full humbly/ thzough his humilite
And nowe this feſte of the Natiuite.

¶ The hygh Angels/ and vertues all
Prayſen hym as they be wonte to done
And let the ſwetens/ of theyr notes all
Downe to the erthe/ where goddes owne ſone
This day hath choſe/ with vs for to wone
And lyeth nowe wzapped in his mothers barme
Whome well ſoftely with her holy arme.

¶ And with the fayrnes of his fyngers whyte
Full ſoftely ſhe doth hym enbzace

And in so moche/ in herte dothe delyte
His tenderlymmes/ to welde and compace
And to beholde/ the goodlisse face
That euer was forgede by nature
For it was he/ I dare well assure.

¶ Whome she beheldе/ with her eyen meke
That from eterne/ was in his fatheres thought
And one with hym/ who can take kepe
His owne worde/ that all made of nought
Whome a mayde hath to mankynde brought
Thoro we her mekenes of heuen/ & erthe quene
The lynyall stocke of Juda to sustene.

¶ Whome that Jacob on his fatall daye
Whan Antropos sholde his threde vntwyne
Whiche Cloto had put in delaye
And Lachesis/ or they wolde it fyne
Gan to blesse/ & thus to hem deuine
Whan all his bretherne stode enuyron
This olde graye/ with a full softe sown.

¶ O Juda Juda/ thy bretherne euerychone
Shall prayse & worshyp the greate renoune
Of thyne estate/ whiche shalt of all thy fone
The pryde oppresse/ and make hem lowte downe
That shall be cleped/ the whelpe of the Lyon
The ryall beaste/ whiche Maugri who sayth nay
Shall mighty be to catche/ and take his praye.

¶ And prowdly bere it home/ vnto his caue

My sone Juda/ in thy dredefull tene
For thzough thy might/ thou shalt victozy haue
Maugre echone/ that the reuers mene
For who shall moue/ withstande oz lastene
Thy kyngly power/ to make resistence
Agayne thy manhode/ and thy magnificence.

¶ That shall in the/ so clerey shewe and shyne
Without Eclipsinge/ of any maner clowde
The sceptre of whome/ in soth shall neuer hyne
To be famous/ by repozte of lawe lowde
Ne neuer cese/ ne in couert shzowde
Tyll a Duke aryse of the kynrede
Whome all the wozlde/ shall obeye and dzede.

¶ The whiche in soth/ is foz to be sent
Out of the sede by succession
Lyke a kynge/ to holde his parlement
With his lieges and his region
And he shall be to euery nacion
Sothfast abidynge/ & socour in her nede
And he shall bynde his mighty sterne stede.

¶ Of bery fozce/ at the holsome byne
And tye his Asse/ vnder the grapes rede
And he his stole/ that lyke to god doth shyne
And his palle/ by might of his manhede
Shall wesshe in Grapes/ that shall blede
The reed blode/ deper than scarlet hewe
And thus arayed/ in his vesture newe.

¶ Of lokc he shall be sterner to beholde
Than the stremes of the light sterre
And of eyen fayre many folde
Than wyne fyned shynynge through a berre
And lyke Iuore/that cometh fro so ferre
His tethe shall be euen/smothe and whyte
And lyke in soth as Ioseph liste endyte.

¶ The sonne of Iacob/in his testament
Wherto his chyldren/he maketh mencion
To ꝓue his deth/with full entente
His ꝓsence as they knelin downe
To hem rehercsinge/the greate vision
Whiche he had in Egipte goone full yore
In the forest/amonge the holtes hore.

¶ Howe that he sawe twelue hertes whyte
Full lustely go in her pasture
And after that Lyncolne liste to wyte
He sawe of Iuda borne a creature
Of thought & dede/a veray mayde pure
And in his ꝺreme/he thought he ꝺyd sene
Of her brought forth/without spotte all clene.

¶ A lambe moste fayre to his inspection
That euer he sawe/ynto his plesaunce
On whos lifte hande stode a fierce Lyon
And beastes all by one alyaunce
That were in erthe/through cruell resemblaunce
Iforcinge hem by shetron in batayle
By fell malice/this fayre lambe to assayle.

¶ But or they an yple might in fight
The lambes powr/made hem for the deye
And hem vanusshed through his humble might
That man a Angell/whan they this cõquest saye
They fyllen downe/and the lambe dyd obeye
Sent of god this meke werriour
Whiche was borne to be our sauiour.

¶ Unto mankynde and protection
To slee the Lyon/that he may nat endure
And accordinge with his auysion
This lambe of god/clade in our armure
This day was borne of a mayde pure
And lorde of all here/in a litell cage
By kyn descended out of lignage.

¶ Of the worthy and mighty bretherne two
And as burion out of a stocke growynge
Right so this chylde from Leuy/and also
From mighty Juda/grewe out succedinge
Borne of the blode/to be preest and kynge
So entremed lyde by succession
Of bothe these two was the generacion.

¶ Tyll the braunches be ronne/and so ferre gone
By lynyall course/descendinge as a steyre
Tyll the kynredes were bothe growen in to one
In to a braunche/to haue repeyre
That was preued playnly to ben eyre
The right of Leui/in preesthode to succede
And by Juste title/who so liste to rede.

¶ For to be kynge/ and bere the Wademe
After his father/ and by succeſſoure
To worthy Juda/ of Iſrahel to queme
To be her prynce/ and mighty gouernoure
And fro Jacob/ this burion and this floure
Fyrſte gan ſpryngе/ to Jeſſe tyll it raught
And ſo forth downe/ tyll the buddes caught.

¶ Howe nature obeyeth to virginite. Capi. xlix.

THe holy ſydes in a pure virgine
To bere fruyte/ that ſhall mankynde ſaue
And nowe this day/ the prophecye to fyne
In Bethleem/ within a litell caue
Kynde and mayde/ ſuche werre haue
For this mater/ howe no creature
To mannes might/ iuſtely by nature.

¶ That ben contrarie/ haue her reſtinge place
For mayde and mother/ ſhortely for to ſeye
In one perſone to gyder may nat trace
For by kynde/ that one muſte voyde aweye
But in this cas/ nature dyd obeye
To a mayde and gaue vp hole her right
Wyſely aduertinge/ ſhe was to feble of might.

¶ In this mater to holde chaumpartye
With her/ that was of face moſte benigne
Wherfore ſhe voydeth/ all rancour and enuye
And humbly her quarell doth reſigne

For it were hayne/ for nature to malygne
Though she of kynde/ be the emperesse
Agayne her lorde/ that made her so maystresse.

¶ That she moste nede of necessite
In euery thynge/ to his will obeye
And be minister vnto his volunte
Syth of her might/ he bereth hym selfe the keye
For in to her/ by no maner weye
It is no wronge/ ne no preiudice
Though of a mayde/ without synne or vice.

¶ That was so holy/ and parfyte founde at all
He wolde grace descende downe so lowe
To take the clothinge/ freel and mortall
Of our kynde/ to make a burion growe
That neuer was of man sette ne lowe
But with a worde/ and the consentinge
Of a mayde/ a graffe burgeninge.

¶ Of Judas stocke/ this day gan appere
Whan Christe was borne of a mayde fre
And the father sent his sone dere
Downe to the erthe/ to make an vnite
By parfyte loue/ and feruent charite
Eternally be bounde/ that may nat fayle
Fully assured/ by weddinge & spousayle.

¶ Betwene his sone/ his chosen eyre
And holy chyrche/ perpetually to laste
And in a chaumbre/ by excellence fayre

Of maydenhede that hym selfe caste
The holy knotte / and the bonde so faste
Ibounden was / that it neuer vnbwyne
And of that assye for to termine.

¶ Where the feste and the weddinge was
In all the erthe / Ihalowed and Iholde
In all cloſette / more clerer than berre or glas
Or ony berelle / bzighter to beholde
For by recozde of Patriarkes olde
The chaſte chaumbze / was withyn adozned
With golde of kaythe kayze bzight Ibozned.

¶ With charite / that geueth ſo clare a light
To reconfozte / all that ben in pzeſence
And with ſpluet / depured out ſo bzight
Thozugh hygh wiſdome of ghoſtly ſapience
And all the gemmes / that haue excellence
In mozrall vertue / for to ſhewe & ſhyne
The cloſette cholen / ſo clerely enlumine.

¶ That of vnclenneſſe / there may no Clipſing be
So fulſum light is there of parfytneſſe
For there the Violettes men may beholde & ſe
Of clene entent and of holynes
With Roſes ſtrewed in god to haue ſwetenes
And with Lylies of chaſtite Imeynte
And therof colour / that neuer will be feynte.

¶ Theſe Violettes betoken maydenhede,
Lyke to purpell / in ſigne of victozie

And in this chambze/full of honest dzedes
The chose closette/the chaste ozatozie
This day in soth/the hygh kynge of glozie
To shewe his might/howe he foz mā gan wirche
y spouled hath our mother holy chyrche.

¶ And lyke a spouse/he prozeded is
Out of his chambze foz to rectefye
All that was wzonge/oz in our kynde amys
Wherfoze this feste foz to glozefye
Full longe agone/to singe his psalmodye
The kynge Dauid/entune dyd his harpe
And with the tenoures/ & trebbles sharpe.

¶ Ye to heuen gan enhaunce and reyse
This day of dayes/moste wozthy & famous
And all the pzophetes/in her sawes pzeyse
This noble feste/this feste gracious
And fro heuen with voyce melodious
Angels full lowe/sende downe alight
Foz to honoure this holy night.

¶ The night of nightes/hygheste of echone
Excellynge all/as in wozthines
Foz in this wozlde/was creature none
In heuen ne erthe/ne in sothfastnes
On lande ne see/that with greate busynes
Her deuozye dyd this night to honoure
Hym that was bozne/mankynde foz to socoure.

¶ Howe the chiefe tẽple of Rome fyll ỹ night
Of our Lady. T.i.

of Chrystes byrthe/ and other wōderfull tokenes ·.· Capitulo. L

FOr on this nyght/ by euery creature
Was sothely shewed his natiuite
In Bethleem/ howe of a mayde pure
A chylde was borne/ moste souerayne of degre
And fyrste of all in Rome the cyte
His byrthe was shewed/ hyghly by myracle
For walle and rofe/ Toures and pynacle.

COf the Temple/ moste famous in the towne
To god of peace/ that was consecrate
The same nyght/ the grounde fyll downe
Playne with the erthe/ waste and dissolate
In whyche Temple/ moste ryall of estate
The statue stode of mighty Romulus
And at the byldynge/ the storie telleth thus.

COf this Temple/ they of Rome went
To Appollo/ with humble sacrefice
To haue answere in her best entent
Howe longe this fayne ryall of alyse
So stronge bylte/ and in so trusty wyse
That it sholde laste euer and endure
Agayne the assente/ of ony creature.

COr parturbynge/ on any maner syde
And he gaue answer vnto one and all
Howe this Temple/ with his walles wyde
With his crestes/ and batalinge ryall

Shall euer stande sure withouten fall
Unto the tyme/that a mayde chylde
And they anone/that fyrste made it bylde.

¶Of this answer glad/& full credible
That this Temple euer sholde stande
For hem thought it was impossible
A mayde euer eyther on see or lande
To haue a chylde/and so they vnderstande
And they anone/gaue to the Temple a name
By one assent/for the greate fame.

¶And called it/as I can discerne
The Temple of peace/with his walles whyte
And therwith named is eterne
And at the entre/so they dyd wryte
But on the night/the trouthe to endyte
Whan Chriſte was borne of a mayde clene
This Temple fyll downe/enlonge the grene.

¶To fulfille the trewe prophecye
Of Apollo/that tolde hem all this thynge
And in that place/in worshippe of Marie
And of her sone of heuen/and erthe kynge
Standeth a chyrche full ryall of byldynge
And euen lyke the selfe/the same tyme
The greate statue/longe or it were pryme.

¶Of Romulus/that was edefyed
Fell to the erthe/and braste on peces smale
And though Romayns made hym stellefyed
Of our Lady. Tit.

His greate heed/ for all tht dyd auale
Of whome all the werkmen made a tale
That forged it many a day afore
And in loth/tyll a chylde were bore.

¶ Of a mayde/it sholde stande vp right
This greate ymage/and neuer his heed encline
But he alowted vpon the same night
Whan Christe was borne of a pure virgine
Lyke as the werkmen dyd afore deuine
Agayne the concepte/and the entencion
Of that he mente in his opinion.

¶ I fynde also/that the skyes donne
Whiche of custome/curteyne so the night
The same tyme/with a sodayne sonne
Enchaced were/that it wexed all light
As at mydday/whan Phebus is moste bright
To shewe forthey/that the sone of lyfe
Was borne that night/to stynte all our stryfe.

¶ Howe the night of Christes byrthe: a well in Rome ranne Oyle. ℣. Capitulo. ii.

AND euen than as bokes also tell
In very soth/withouten any were
The selfe tyme/in Rome was a well
Of his streames passyngly entere
To loke vpon as any Cristall clere
From his vaynes/as it dyd boyle
Of whiche the water/chaunged in to Oyle.

¶ The same night/and to Tibre rann
So large plente/that all myght it se
Of whiche well longe before/ or thann
All openly in Rome the cyte
Sibille the wyse/that had seuerayne
Of prophecye playnly wrote and tolde
That the water of this well sholde.

¶ The same night/chaunge his lycoure
In to Oyle/and so a day endure
Whan of this worlde was borne the sautour
In Bethleem of a mayden pure
And as I fynde also in scripture
The same day/hygh in the firmamente
Towarde the partye of the Oriente.

¶ Were sene thre Sonnes lustely appere
Euerithe of hem/large rounde and bright
That caste abrode his fayre beames clere
Thorugh all the worlde/in euery mannes sight
The whiche Sonnes drewe lyne right
Her course holdynge in haste/and that anone
Tyll they thre were ioyned in to one.

¶ To mankynde playnly to declare
That he was borne/in whome were founden thre
To encreace our ioye and welfare
Flesshe and soule / and eke the deite
Knytte all in one/by sothfast vnite
Whiche as a Sonne boydynge shoure and shade
Was borne this day/ all the worlde to glade.

¶ Howe the Senates of Rome wolde haue holden Octauian her Emperour/as for her God. ¶ Capitulo. lii.

ALso in Rome/as writteth Innocente
In his Cronicle/makinge mencion
Howe the Senates all by one assent
In consistorie of affeccion
Whiche they had in her opinyon
Unto her noble and mighty Emperour
Octauian of worthynes the floure.

¶ Wolden echone/hym haue deyfyed
And called hym/by name immortall
The whiche thynge/whan he had espyed
As he that was full prudent founde at all
To his presence/made anone to call
Sibille: that was myrrour of sapience
Here vpon: to here her sentence.

¶ And therwithall/that she muste deffyne
Without doubte or ambiguite
As ferre in soth/as Phebus doth nowe shyne
If there were any of power more than he
Or peregall vnto his degre
From este to weste/here in erthe lowe
In all this worlde/that she coude of knowe.

¶ And this was downe vpon the selfe daye
Whan Christe was borne/in Bethlee by myracle
And she full wysely/wolde put hym in delaye

To geue answer nandynde a small obstacle
Tyll at the laste/the fyne of her oracle
Amyd the chambre of the Emperour
Standynge enuyron/many a Senatour

¶ Was playnly thus/with chere and face bolde
O Emperour/lifte vp anone thyne eye
And loke vp gyndet/yf se the sercle of golde
Aboute the Sonne/whiche eche is to espye
And there beholde/thou mayste it nat denye
A mayde sitte of beaulte/moste souereyne
Holdynge a chylde in her armes twepne.

¶ And yet anone as Octauian
Sawe the chylde/by clere inspeccion
Without abode/a voyce he herde than
From alofte/vnto the chambre downe
Beholde and se/with humble affeccion
This is the Aulter of the hygh heuen
Sette in the Sonne/clere as any leuen.

¶ Wherfore Sibille/all abrode gan seye
To hym anone/yf liste nat for to byde
Thy crowne auale/and the chylde obeye
Whole face: the Sonne bright may nat hyde
And let nowe be/ all thy pompe and pryde
And at one worde/she platly gau hym tell
The chyldes mighe/his power dyd excell.

¶ Whiche thynge/whā he gā playnly vnderstāde
Of faythfull will/and hole herte entere

He kneled vo wnt/ and lifte no lenger ſtande
And with encence/ caſte in the ſencere
He dyd worſhippe vnto the Aultere
And to the chylde/ moſte excellent of fame
And lifte nomore vſurpe/ on hym the name.

¶ To be called agayne all ſkylle and right
Wrongfully a god ſith there is but one
And right anone this noble worthy knight
Through out ꝯ world/ his precept made to gone.
To prouinces and contreyes euerichone
Upon payne of deth/ that none of hem all
Be herde more/ a god hym for to call.

¶ For he well wiſte/ by ſignes openly
And euidencis/ eke in ſpeciall
There was one borne/ of power more worthy
Than was hym ſelfe/ and therto immortall
To whome nothynge in erthe is peregall
Of all this world/ of hygh ne lowe eſtate
And for this ſkylle/ after dedicate.

¶ Was that chambre/ by hygh deuocion
To Marte playnly/ this is no nay
And called eke for this auiſion
Ara celi/ yet vnto this daye
The name abydeth/ and ſlydeth nat awaye
Ne leſeth nat the light of his brightnes
Thorowe none Eclipſinge/ of forgetefulnes.

¶ And in Edgadi/ the luſty large bynes

That tyme of yere/of the kynde bare
Gan florisshe & floure/and in stede of tynes
With riche baumes/her braunches to repayre
And the vertue/that wynter made bare
Thorowe constraynynge of colde in the este
Nature made with freshe blossomes sote.

¶ To assende vpon the same night
Upon the croppe/with frupte and leues newe
Makynge the bowes/as lusty to the sight
As freshest as fayre of colour and of hewe
And as plenteous/her colour to renewe
As in Septembre/whan Bacchus hath power
To shewe his might/that tyme of the yere.

¶ Lo: howe the lorde & the mighty kynge
That hath lordeshyps/ouer grape and wyne
Unto whose might/euery maner thynge
Heuen and erthe must encline
Can braunches bare/with freshe floures fyne
Arape newe/though they be sere and olde
In frosty wynter/and in wedet colde.

¶ As in somer/whan Phebus is alofte
Whan Flora reygneth/in Maye & in Aprill
And make blossomes/to be as smothe & softe
Amyd Decembre/whan men for colde of chill
Wherfore this feste freely at his will
The night I meane/of his natiuite
To shewe his might/in erbe floure & tre.

¶ Hye made the hymes/ as ye han herde me fayne
In Egipte/ there hayne fat to shede
Whan ihesu was moste naked and bareyne
And out of reson/ who so can take hede
Of whiche myght lowge afoyne I rede
That in Egipte/ the prophete Jeronime
Full openly in his prophecye/

¶ To the prestes of that kyngdome tolde
That the Idoles of her Temples all
Without any reste/ by myracle sholde
Breke her neckes/ and to grounde fall
Whan a virgyne/ in a Mres shall
Hath borne a chylde/ this thynge shall betyde
Wherfore the prestes/ in her fanes wyde.

¶ Of verry faythe/ and of hygh credence
Secretely upon a litell stage
Upon his worde/ with humble reuerence
Of a mayde/ let make an ymage
And in her arme/ a chylde of tender age
Doynge therto/ in her paynym wyse
After her rytes/ a maner of sacrifyse.

¶ And on this beste ay fro yere to yere
They were awaytynge/ whan it wolde be
Tyll on a day/ of happe/ the kynge came nere
The noble worthy/ and wyse Tolome
The whiche thynge/ whan that he dyd se
Inone of hem/ the cause he gan enquere
Why & wherfore the ymage was set there.

¶ And echone of one entencion
Gaue answere/ Falle nat for to lye
It was ordeyned/ of olde tradicion
Shewed to folke/ through hooly prophetye
In whiche they dyd faythfully espye
Undispared the heste shall nat varye
Of the prophecie/ as hyst though it tarye.

¶ And sothfastly in conclusion
Upon the tyme/ of the natiuite
The falle Idolls/ in Egipte fell downe
And all to braste in peces/ mo than thre
To shewe truely/ that sothly borne was he
Of heuen and erthe/ that hath the regallye
And shall destroye/ all falle maumetrye.

¶ Howe Romayns/ whan they had dominacion ouer all the worlde maden to them an ymage/ and called it theyr god.

Capitulo. liiii.

I fynde also as writeth Carnotence
In his boke Politicrouicon
That whan Romayns hadden excellence
Of hygh lordshippes/ so many day a gone
And the peoples/ and Realmes euerichone
Stoden vnto hem/ vnder to be seruage
From yere to yere/ payenge a treuage.

¶ Of a tribute/ that was customable
To the empyre of hem dewe

For with the Romayns/in Senates honourable
Whan they houses/in moste felecte
Deuised haue for a visite
Amyd hem to pute/in moste worthy place
A large statue/semynge of face.

That made was of copes and of bras
Large and longe/& wonderfull to se
And of entayle/deuised the compas
This greate ymage/called sholde be
Goddesse of Rome/and lyke a magestie
In her right hande/sholde also holde
A large wozlde/full sterne to beholde.

Whiche sholde of roundnes haue the figure
To signefye/that the moste glozious
The eyte hath/hooly in her cure
And howe by her/they were victozious
And here vpon/moste excellent famous
They dyd a werkmen/sebe vp and downe
And to parfozme/throughe oute all the towne.

And at the laste/of happe suche one they fynde
That passed all/to worke in entayle
And was subtyle/bothe of wytte and myndes
To werke in metall/& sayde he wolde not fayle
Of this empryse/that vnyo so moche auayle
To the eyte/and shozely in this cas
Throughe his engyne/it parfozmed was.

So rially/in the wozlde

Coude amende it/in that yilke tyde
And to beholde it/many a thousande ran
So glad of it/they were an euery syde
Tyll at the laste/one of betay pryde
Presumptuously/gan to crye and call
And sayde shortely/the legges were to small.

¶ So greate a werke/longe to sustene
For lacke onely/of good proporcion
Wherfore anone/with sodayne eye and tene
The werkman brent in his opinyon
Rebukynge hym/of his presumpcion
And sodeynly/parturbed in his wynde
Answered agayne/shortely as I fynde.

¶ As it had ben halfendele in scorne
And sayde frende/if thou can vnderstande
Tyll that a chylde/be of a mayde borne
I vndertake/that this werke shall stande
Thyne heed is dull/in wates and in lande
To lacke thynge/thou canste nat amende
And the werkman/fother than he wende.

¶ Hath of chis werke/sayde & prophecied
For on the night/whan that Christe was borne
In very soth/it may nat be denyed
Of brasse the goddesse/is broken and to torne
And all the coste/of the werke forlorne
In sygne onely/that the lorde and syr
And mighty kynge/of the hygh empyre.

Cwas borne that tyme/in the litell to wne
Of Bethleem/of a pure virgine
To whose power/and dominacione
Greate Rome/mehelp shall encline
For erthely lordshippes/nedes muste fyne
With all theyr pompe/and lowte to hym lowe
Whan the power of this kynge is knowe.

CHowe wyse Sibille tolde to the Senates of Rome/the byrthe of Christe. Capi. vi.

AND at this tyme gone/full many a yere
Wise Sibille/called Tibertyne
Spake to the Senate/full openly & clere
Her dreme exponynge/of the sonnes tyne
Whiche they sawe/in atones shyne
Upon a night/ouerriche full diuerse
To hem declarynge/playnly in her verse.

CThat eche Sonne in her ayrsions
Whiche in heuen/were so bright and fayre
Betokeneth sothely the generations
That shall succede/dyuerse and contrayre
Of whiche Sonne/shall vanysshe and appayre
And of beames/wax wonder donne
Unto the tyme/that the eyght Sonne.

CHis streames shadde/as rede as any blode
That specifieth/the generacion
That shall by kynde/be furious and wode
And vnto vertue/full of rebellyon

Tyll there be borne/a mighty champyon
Out of the stocke of Juda/that shall haunte
His mighty hande/her tyrannye to daunte.

¶ Whose mother shall come of the kynrede
Of the Ebrewes/and yssue of her lyne
And oute of them/euen ylyke procede
As dothe a floure/out of the rote spyne
And she shall be mother and virgine
And tolde hem eke/in her prophecie
Whan she is borne/hyght shall Marie.

¶ And she shall be eke/by election
Mother to hym/that is of power moste
Of whome the byrthe/and the conception
Shall fully be/of the holy ghoste
And he shall stretche/vnto euery coste
His greate kyngdome/that shall neuer hyne
And his byrthe/she gan also assygne.

¶ And tolde forthe/affermynge stedfastly
Whan he were borne/that he sholde be
Bothe god and man/to gyder verely
And of the night/of his nativite
To hem of Roune/many thynges tolde she
And specially/what he sholde hyght
As openly/ye maye haue a sight.

¶ In thylke verse/that alledged be
In greate Augustine/where ye may the name
In the beginnynge/of Christe Jesu to se
And of his renome/& of his greate fame

And by and by/howe she dyd attayne
To the Jewes/his comynge sweep dele
Of whiche thynge/lyke they nothynge wele.

¶ Certayne prestes/of the Jewes lawe
Gan to grutche/as they gaue audience
And bad to het/her tonge to withdrawe
And wolde for angre/haue put her in scilence
And liste of malice/gyue no credence
Unto no worde/that she spake or sayd
Tyll that she of sodayne pre abrayde.

¶ And sayde: o Jewes blynde with the laye
Of ignorance/and malice indurate
ye shall to hym/of very false enuye
Be wicked/rebell/and obstynate
And ay with hym/ye shall holden debate
And maugreth you/and all your enuye
yet shall he reygne/and kynde crowned be.

¶ Whan he is borne/in the heritage
Of his father/who so that sayth naye
And procedeth out of your lignage
And of his comynge/shall be no delaye
And tolde hem the/playnly of the daye
Of his byrthe/lest than I can tyme
And lyke his worde comynge is the tyme.

¶ The tyme of tymes/the tyme of lyfe & grace
The tyme of Jope/is nothynge to morne
Sithen he is borne with so fayre a face

The golden worlde/makynge to retorne
The worlde of peace/the kyngdome of Saturne
Of whiche somtyme/Sybilla that was wyse
Of Adelphus wrote in her lyfe.

¶ Howe the prophetes prophecied the byrthe
of Christe . . . Capitulo. lvi.

¶ The tyme also/that is auctorysed
Of prophetes in her propheris
Where his cõmynge is openly deuysed
Record I take/fyrste of hym Abdye
That sayth thus/the Bible may natlye
Howe in the hyll/playnly of Syon
Shall ioye and helthe/come bothe in one.

¶ Unto mankynde and saluacion
Where he sette his kyngdome and his see
Wherby is take the mighty regyon
Of worthy Juda/and he shall also be
Socour and helpe/vnto youme
Of Esau/that called is the hyll
To ioye bothe to obeye his will.

¶ And Naym hyght Juda to be light
And bad hym halowe/his festes principall
For that shall newly enspyre his syght
Assended is/vpon his see royall
That shall to the be/bothe Toure and Wall
Chiefe defence/and protection
In euery wo and tribulacion.

¶ And Habacuk/makynge mencion
Of his comynge/whan he wrote in tre
Of grene bor/his auysyon
Where he spake/playnly of his natiuite
And his shynynge clere/and light shall be
And of the hornes/he platly gan to sayne
That he shall holde/in his handes twayne.

¶ Therin is hyd/his power and his might
That on his fone/kyngly he shall shewe
And of the hyll/he telleth there a right
Howe he shall bowe hem/& the croppes hewe
And telleth eke/in wordes nat a fewe
Of Ethiope: and also Madian
The tabernacles: howe they shall quake than.

¶ And Baruch/eke scribe of Jeronime
Full openly wrote/of his comynge
And bad loke vp clerely with thyne eye
And of Dauid a burion and the sprynge
Shall be sustened/to rayne lyke a kynge
And he shall do/through his worthynes
Dome in erthe/and also right wisnes.

¶ And Sophone bad abyde a whyle
Upon this day/with deuocion
For he shall gader/oute of euery ple
Of eche kyngdom/and euery region
His people in one/of hygh affeccion
And also there/as he maketh mynde
From the flodes/of Ethiope and ynde.

¶ They shal to hym deuoutely offerynge brynge
And do to hym dewe lactrehyse
And false goodes/eke through his worchynge
With royall might/he shall also despise
And from her sees/make hem to arise
And fro the bandes of her dwellynge place
Of very force/dryue hem and enchace.

¶ And of his bythe/longe or that it fell
In a vision/wonderfull of sighe
Spake the prophete called Daniell
And sayde:hym thought he sawe vpon a nighe
Lyke to beholde/as he demed right
A sone of man/comynge with a skye
To whome:power/honoure/and regally.

¶ There gyuen was/perpetuelly to abyde
And his kyngdome:by eternite
Shall stande hole/and nat deuyde
Whiche shall nat passe/neyther corrupte be
Whole comynge eke whan he dyd se
The holy prophete olde Ezechiel
Saythe thus/the Bibell can you tell.

¶ I shall ordeyne/& prudently prouyde
In herdeman/my slepe to kepe sure
To wake the flockes euery tyde
To kepe hem wysely/in to her pasture
And forthermore/he dothe vs eke assure
The holy prophete/forthe in his writtynge
Sothely affermynge/that there shall be a kynge.

¶ Of all folkes/ whose empyre shall be one
And no lenger deuided in to twayne
Whiche in Idoles/ made of stocke and stone
Ne shall nomore be pollute to ordeyne
False offerynges/ to god that they seyne
And the prophecie/ that called is Adge
Full openly/ who so liste to se.

¶ Wryteth of his byrthe/ in a litell stounde
Euen lyke as he was enspired
That he shall meue/ heuen/ see/ and grounde
And he that is/ of all moste desyred
Shall come in haste/ lyke a kynge atyred
For ioye/ of the whiche holy Zacharie
To Christes spouse/ this doth specefye.

¶ Be glad and light/ thou doughter of Syon
And singe/ thou doughter of Jherusalem
Beholde thy kynge shall come right anone
That shall be borne/ sothely in Bethleem
And his power/ shall fro royalme to royalme
The bondes stratche/ of his royalte
As ferre in south/ as any flode or any see.

¶ Holden her course/ as they with waues wynde
Out of her mother/ the greate Occian
Of whose cõpynge/ Malachie maketh mynde
Within his boke/ the Bible tell can
Howe the name of hym/ bothe god and man
Shall stretche his streames/ withouten wene
Fro thylke place/ where the Sonne shene.

¶ Repleth his light/ whan it begynneth dawe
At the vprise in the morynge
Unto the weste/ where he goeth vnder wawe
Till efte agayne/ his chariete he dryngē
In to the easte/ that dothe the larke synge
For ioye onely/ that his beames ryse
And of his cōmynge/ dothe eke Amos deuyse.

¶ And sayth: he shall newely by miracle
Restore agayne/ and eke redelyse
Upon that day/ the mighty tabernacle
Of kynge Dauid/ with all the regallye
And of this chylde/ wryteth also Isaye
Whan he is borne/ that in his presence
Kynges for drede/ shullen kepe silence.

¶ A question assoyled/ whiche is worthyest of kynge/ wyne/ or womā. (...) Capitulo. lviii.

AND as in erthe/ is made a question
Of thynges thre/ whiche was worthiest
Kynge/ wyne/ or woman/ in comparison
Eche yprayled/ and holden as for best
And all this stryfe/ and as Darius gan leste
Zorobabell: withouten any slouthe
Aboue echone/ had preferred trouthe.

¶ And whyle they were/ atrauerse of these thre
Eueriche holdynge his opynyon
Zorobabell of right and equyte

To woman gaue his commendacion
Makynge forthwith/of trouthe mencion
Onely in signe/as he can deuyse
Fro woman fyrste/trouthe muste aryse.

¶ Whiche is the bande/& knotte pryncipall
Of all vertue/it may nat be denyed
And therwithall/so excellent royall
With god hym selfe/that is next alyed
And for: it is/so moche magnefyed
Thorowe the worlde/of pryce and worthy fame
God chese hym selfe/of that to bere the name.

¶ And with his mouthe/hym self so lyste hym call
As the Gospell maketh mencion
And by recorde of prophetes all
God descendynge/to one conclusion
This daye in erthe/for our saluacion
Of a woman in maydenhede flourynge
To mankynde/trouthe dyd sprynge.

¶ And fro heuen/rightwisnes beheldе
Howe trouthe & mercy/in a mayde mette
And thus is trouthe/spronge out of a felde
Where the holy ghoste/the rayne of grace sette
To make the graffe/that he fro Juda sette
To fructefie/and a pure virgine
That shall be tytle of the same lyne.

¶ The crowne of Juda/to accepte anone
And vnderfonge it as a champyon

Whiche was dyzafte/ſo many a day a gone
From Sedechie awaye in Babilon
Whan that was made/ a tranſmigracion
By the tyraunt: Nabugodonoſoz
Whoſe cruelte/laſte ſhall nomoze.

¶ Howe our Lady ought wozthely to be recom-
mẽded/ & wozſhipped foz the byzthe of Chriſte.
Capitulo. lviii.

NOwe he is bozne/that is rightfull heyze
That ſhall make beter than Neomie
His people of Juda/foz to haue repeyze
Jeruſalem agayne to reedefye
Though Herode/that falſely dothe occupye
As a fozeyn/thzough his cruell migh
By tyrannye/and no tytle of right.

¶ Of whome the kyngdom/ſhall nat lõge endure
The reygne vſurpynge/by extozcion
Foz the lozde of euery creature
This day hath take/his iuſte poſſeſſion
In Bethleem/within a ſmale dongeon
He & his mother/as who ſayth but all ons
To wayte on hym/other fewe oz none.

¶ A lady myne/howe god hath made the ryche
Thy ſelfe alone/all richeſſe to poſſede
Foz in this wozlde/none is the lyche
Of plente royall/fro the lande of mede
Where the hylles of golde/ben as I rede

May no treasoure/in his mones repe
Ageyne thy treasure/for to conterpeyse.

¶ For certes lady/thou alone haste all
That within heuen/ Angels desyre
The Jewell eyche/the treasoure celestiall
Of heuen kynge/of erthe lorde and syre
And hym that hath all the hole empyre
Of lande & see/and the Monarchye
Thou haste hooly lady myne to gye.

¶ And as Augustine the holy doctour wryteth
In a sermon of the natiuite
We may to the saye/right as he biddeth
With deuoute herte/knelynge on our kne
O blessed lady/floure of virginite
We prayen echone/o welle of our welfare
Lyke a mother/nat thy mylke to spare.

¶ Gyue hym plente/that is so plenteous
Of fullsomnesse Angels to fede
And gyue hym souke/the pyment gracious
Of thy pappes/let thy condyte shede
The swete mylke/all aboute in brede
Motherly: it makynge to auale
On his fayre tender lymmes smale.

¶ Glad maiste thou be/that saue liste to vouce
With his softe rounde lippes lyte
To haue pleasaũce/thy brestes for to touche
Onely to souke/thy blessed pappes whyte

And that hym lyke/so godely to delyte
For his playe/to haue so moche blysse
Euer amonge thy holy mouthe to kysse.

¶ And sodeynly/with childely chere Jocounde
Than anone/thy whyte necke to embrace
With his softe tender armes rounde
And than atones/fall on thy face
And of his eyen/fulfilled of all grace
A goodly loke/to the warde encline
And so forthe/his chekes leye to thyne.

¶ And with his fyngres/mouthe/& eyen touche
His small paumes/on thy chekes leyne
His ponge face/betwene thy pappes couche
And holde hym stille/with all his bely peyne
And grype hem faste/with his hande tweyne
For therin was his heuenly repaste
Thy ponge sone/when he lyke to breke his faste.

¶ There was his fode/and his norysshynge pure
Sothfaste seleet/of his sustenaunce
The tonne of lyfe/that euer dyd endure
Ay lyke fresshe/vnto his plesaunce
With sacred lycour/of holy habundaunce
That none but he may touche ne approche
For it for hym/was onely set abroche.

¶ For in that licour is full remedye
Holy refuyte/ and playne medecine
Agayne the venym/brought in by enuie

Through false enuyne & malice serpentyne
Whan the snake made Adam to dyne
Of the appell that was intoxicate
Falsely with god/ to make hym at debate.

¶ But nowe the mylke/ of thy pappes twayne
Benigne lady/ is to vs triacle
Within thy breste/ spryngeth from a vayne
Agaynste the deth/ to be to vs obstacle
O howe it is a passynge hygh myracle
Thorowe goddes might & vp nought elles
Out of a breste/ to se two smale welles.

¶ Of a mayde sprygynge as a ryuere
To gyue hym drynke/ that is kynge of all
O goodely lady/ o heuenly botelere
Whan we in mischief/ to the clepe & call
Some drope of grace/ let vpon vs fall
And to that celer/ make a redy waye
Where thou of mercy/ alone beaest the keye.

¶ And of grace/ let be no scarsete
Good lady/ that arte of grace well
For nowe this daye/ in erthe is borne of the
The sothfast god/ of heuen erthe and hell
Whiche is come downe/ with vs for to dwell
And hath of the/ our mortall kynde ytake
Of all our wo/ an ende for to make.

¶ Somtyme fro heuen/ fill downe the manne
To refresshe the hongry in her nede

And that befell/in deserte right thanne
Whan Moyses the people dyd lede
But nowe this daye/in erthe man to fede
In humble mayde/to all that ben truwe
In this deserte/hath brought manna newe.

¶ Whiche to Angell is the fode of lyfe
To man repaste/of ioye and of gladnes
Chefe reconforte/and restoratyfe
To all feble/oppressed with sekenes
O good lady/o myrrour of mekenes
Benigne floure/of womanhede the well
In this deserte/where as nowe we dwell

¶ Sende vs thy manna/of souerayne hertes hele
Toour confort/and consolacion
And let vs grace/in thy mercy fele
For our refuyte/and refeccion
And in this vale of confusion
Let the grace/fro the skyes rayne
The manna of lyfe/that we maye attayne.

¶ For thou alone/arte comforte syngulere
To tho/that no refuyte conne
This daye also/of mercy the ryuere
Fro whiche all grace/is to mankynde ronne
The sterre also/that hath brought forth the sone
The sone of lyfe/in erthe for to wone
O mayde/o mother/o doughter of thy sone.

¶ Whiche none in soth/sithe the worlde began

Was bothe two/but thy selfe alone
For who is he/that remembre can
Fyrste or laste/late or elles sone
So bright a Sonne/spryngе of so fayre a Mone
Saue this daye/the Sonne of lyfe moste shene
From the arose/& thou a mayde clene.

¶ Without Eclipsyng/or lesynge of thy light
For thou a mother/and mayde bothe two
In vertue aye lyke shene and bright
O fayre Rose/o Rose of Jerico
That haste this daye/god and man also
In Bethleem borne/agayne the greye morowe
The night to voyde/of all our olde sorowe.

¶ Of likenesse of our Lady/in cõmendacion of her. ::: (.:.) ::: Capitulo. lxx.

O Owe fayre Cedre/Cipresse of Syon
Spryngynge light of Nazareth
Chosen chambre/of wise Salamon
Floure of the felde/swettest on holte & heth
Of whome all vertue/sauerth men fro deth
Of Siloe/the water she depured
Wherby the lepre of Naman was recured.

¶ Laude and glorie/of Jherusalem
Thou named arte/and of Israel gladnes
Holsom refleccion/this day of Bethleem
The thriste of Dauid/to staunche and distres
Of Paradise the well in sothfastnes

Foyson that flowth in to fordry Royames
The loyle to adewe/ with his swete streames.

¶ The lande also of promission
That myltz and hony/ bothe in fere shedeth
The loyle and grounde/ of our saluacion
With his herbes/ that fostereth vs and fedeth
Nowe blessed mayde/ whose mercy euer nedeth
Also that lyuen in thy seruise
This hygh feste/ so for vs deuise.

¶ That in honoure of thy sone dere
We may of herte/ rede/ singe/ and prays
And let the streames/ of thyne eyen clere
Thy seruauntes/ o lady myne conueye
To contynue/ fully vntyll we deye
The to serue/ with hertely loue and drede
As moste is plealynge to thy womanhede.

¶ And this feste/ of festes principall
Called the feste of the natiuite
Make loue and peace/ to reygne ouerall
And hertes ioye/ with parfyte vnite
Voyde all discorde/ & let no rancour be
In hertes closed/ by malice of enmite
But of thy grace/ so gouerne vs and gye.

¶ This hygh feste/ in whiche thy sone was borne
Nowe this midwynter night full affection
Whyle Phebus shyneth in the Capricorne
We may the serue/ with all deuocion

And lowe myne in conclusion
Howe this monthe/that called is Decembys
Upon thy seruauntes/hayghfully remembre.

¶ Howe Christe was circumcised.
Capitulo. ix.

¶ Han Janus bifrons/in colde Januarie
With frosty berde entred in the pere
And Phebus chace/nepeth to Aquarie
His watery beames tofore Feuerere
Whan that his light/was pale & nothynge clere
And from hym late/was passed Lucine
The same night/as I sawe her shyne.

¶ I ourned newe/with beames glad and merys
On the heuen/and caste his streames downe
I gan remembre/of the hygh ferye
That called is the circumcision
Howe it befell/than by reuolucion
By iuste acountynge in the Calenders
The fyrste daye of the newe yere.

¶ And though I wolde in my boke procede
Of this feaste/somwhat forto wryte
And to the gospell/fyrste I gan take hede
Of this daye howe Luke liste to endyte
Though he therof/speke but a lyte
And was full briefe and compendious
yet of this daye/hygh and glorious.

The writeth playnly/& sayth howe that anone
After the daye of the natyuite
Whan eyght dayes passed were and gone
The chylde was brought/with all humilite
To the Temple/lowly for to be
As the lawe of the Jewes hath deuised
The eyght daye to be circumcised.

And he therto/mekely dyd obeye
And with a knyfe/made full sharpe of stone
His mother lokynge/with a pyteous eye
The chylde was sorye/therwithall anone
That all aboute/the reed blode gan gone
Without abode/as sayth the Bonauenture
And for the payne/he dyd endure.

And for sharpenes of the sodayne smerte
The chylde gan wepe/that pyte was to here
Wherfore his mother/of very tender herte
Out braste on teres/& myght her selfe nat stere
That all bydewid/where her eyen clere
Whan she sawe hym/that she loued so
So yonge/so sayre/to wepe for wo.

But he anone/in all his passion
For all that he was so yonge of age
In manere/he had a compassion
To se his mother/to wepe in her rage
And put his hande vnto her vysage
On mouthe and eyen/passyngly benygne
And as he coude/goodely made a signe.

Cwithouten speche/ to stynte hes weppynge
That came to her/ of motherly ppte
And she full well/ conceyueth his meynge
From poynte to poynte/ & than anone gan she
To loke on hym/ that was so fayre to se
And his feteres/ considered by and by
And in her armes/ wonder womanly.

CShe toke hym vp/ & prayed hym be still
As of motheres/ is p̄ tayntly the maners
And he in all obeyeth to her will
Though he were yonge/ & gan to chaunge his chere
And with her kerchyef/ she made his eyen clere
On his cheekes/ in all that euer she maye
Full motherly/ the teres wipte awaye.

CHowe in foure maner of wyses Christe was
circumcised .x. Capitulo. lxi.

ANd like of Iesuyne/ as it is deuised
That Christe Iesu/ who so lyste to se
In foure maners/ was truly circumcised
Fyrste of his father/ at his natiuite
With the knyfe of wilfull pouerte
And nowe this day/ whiche is nat feyned
Ebe with a knyfe/ by the lawe ordeyned.

CThe thyrde maner/ ye maye eke consyder
Howe with the knyfe of greate auersite
That he was kyte/ fyrste/ whan he cam hyder
Takynge forth/ our humanite
And al ther laste/ with full cruelte

For vs he suffred circumcision
Upon the crosse/durynge his passion.

¶ Howe Chriſte ſuffred circumciſion in his
chosen people .*. .*. Capi. iii.

¶ Eke in foure maner/ who so can take hede
Chriſte in it is chosen/ by good inspection
Here in this worlde/ withouten any drede
Of newe/he suffred circumcision
The fyrſte is made/by falſe detraccion
That kytteth away/bothe frende and fame
And the shyninge of her goode name.

¶ The seconde is/by falſe tyrannye
Of ſuche that haue no conſcience at all
But taketh away/by curſed robberye
Unrightfully/her goodes temporall
And the thyrde/ſothely is moſte mortall
Of heretykes/that falſely diſobeye
To holy chyrche/& to our fayth the varraye.

¶ The fourth/is made by effuſion of blode
Of tyraunte/that the body sleeth
Whan they of malice/agayn the fayth rode
To execute her venym vp by deth
To make martyrs/to yelde vp the breth
Whome Chriſte Jeſu eternally in glorie
Ordayned hath/a palme of victorie.

¶ Eke fyue tymes/Chriſte in his manhede
Of our Lady. Bb.i.

Shed his blode by [illegible]
And alther fyrste whan he dyd blede
Upon the daye of circumcision
And anone/ before his passion
Upon the hyll/ for anguysshe whan he swete
The reed blode/ whiche all his body wette.

¶ The thyrde tyme/ his blode moste bertuous
Gan renne out by many a cruell wounde
Whan that he was this kynge moste gracious
Of the Jewes to a pylet bounde
The fourth tyme/ eke as it is founde
He spent his blode/ for our alther good
Whan he was nayled/ hygh upon the rood.

¶ And alther laste/ whan Longeus a fere
Through his herte/ playnly as I fynde
On Cauere hym perced with a spere
That blode & water/ as bokes make mynde
Gan streme downe/ to his eyen blynde
By whose vertue/ anone this paynym knyght
Onely of grace/ recouered hath his sight.

¶ And in his bokes/ eke as it is tolde
How we the pyece of his Incision
Was by an Angell/ in an vyne of golde
To Charles brought in a vision
And he anone of greate affection
Of this myracle/ for the excellence
Made it be kept for greate reuerence.

¶ And at Rome/but yf beleue
Full many a yere by reuolucion
In a chyrche sothely of Marie
But clerkes haue an opinion
That the daye of Resurrexion
Whan Chriſte Jesu rose from deth to lyue.
The same pyece retorned as blyue.

¶ To the place/where that it cam fro
Sithen that it was sothely as I fynde
Of his manhede/parteynynge therto
And a party/longynge to his kynde
Though it be so/that dokes make mynde.
That in Rome it is yet preserued
And yere by yere/whan this feste is serued.

¶ In a churche/whiche men of custome call;
Sancta Sanctorum/of olde foundacion.
The same daye/there the prestes all
Solempnely make a station
Whan all the people gone on procession
Fully in hope/better for to spede
From yere to yere/there they synge and rede.

¶ And ferthermore/the storie dothe deuise
The same daye/righ forthwith anone
In the Temple/as they hym circumcise
He named was Jesu of echone
The whiche name longe or that agone
Was of the Angell tolde & sayde afore
To his mother/or that he were bore.

¶ Howe the people of god that vnde Josue
had in gouernaūce/ were saued by the
stedfaste beleue of the name of
Jesus.
Capitulo. xxiii.
(1:9:1)

AND to reherce the greate worthynes
Of this name/ whiche may nat be described
wyp wittes ben so dull with rudenes
And in the chayne/ of ygnorauncz gupded
That I alas of konnynge am depryued
Thorowe lacke of wytte/ in any manerz wyse
To vndertouge/ so passynge hygh empryse.

¶ For this is the name/ who so can discerne
Moste excellent/ and moste of dignite
The name of names/ sacred from eterne
As saythe Bernarde/ who so liste to se
Figured fyrste vnto Josue
Through his knyghthode/ whan he sholde lede
The people of god/ to saue hem in her nede.

¶ For this is the name/ that hertes moste delyte
For therin is so passynge swetenes
For it may beste hem/ with grace enspyre
And with plente/ of all goodely tyches
It is comforte/ & so socoure in sekenes
Refuyte also/ reste and remedye
To all tho/ that felen maladye.

¶ Agaynste langoure/ the beste medecyne
In all this worlde/ that owhere is ayethe founde
For this name is a heuenly and deuyne
That hertes seke/ it dothe with hele habounde
It cureth sores/ it heleth euery wounde
And saueth man fro many a swerde & spere
Where euer they ryden/ in lande ferre or nere.

¶ It is firste writen in the boke of lyfe
For worthyest/ and moste of reuerence
And it is eke beste preseruatyfe
Agayne the assent of the vyolence
Of wicked eyre/ to voyde pestelence
And from the deth/ hem that playnen sore
Of his vertue/ to helthe it dothe restore.

¶ It is also sothfaste saluacion
To all that be/ in pouerte and in nede
It is deffence/ it is protection
In eche parille/ and in euery drede
It is also the guerdon and the mede
In them that ben in exyle of outrage
Repeyre fynall of her pylgrymage.

¶ This is the welle/ with the foure streames
Wherof writeth Bernarde in his sentence
That through ỹ worlde/ refresheth all Romayns
It is so holsom & of suche excellence
The fyrste he calleth the streame of sapience
Of whiche the flode moste inly is habounde
And right wisnes/ he nameth the secounde.

¶ And the thyrde ...
...
The fourth/also as I can expresse
Is the lode of our sauacion
And of the hyrde in conclusion
Of whiche the stremes ben so freshe and fyne
Who so loketh aright/is hole our doctrine.

¶ And of his right/to make mencion
The holsom well/euer doothe flowe & flete
With mercy medlede and remission
To sowre his dome/his eye for to lere
And of the thyrde the water is so swete
By good exaumple/who so can discerne
In vertue ay/how we we shulden vs gouerne.

¶ And of the fourth/to speke in speciall
Is all our helthe and saluacion
For therin is our remedy finall
Agaynste deth and full protection
Whose blode spronge out of Christes passion
And who that lyste by water to attaine
Ye shall it fynde closed in the same.

¶ Of ryghte richesse/it is the resorte
Whiche maye nat waste/but pliche abyde
The eye it quencheth/also of enuye
And represseth the boluynge ebe of pryde
And thogh we meknes/setteth hyre as tyde
And who that hath this name in remembraunce
Hym the spyrite of slouthe/maye do no greuaūce.

¶ It is also the mighty Paules sayd
Agayne manhope and Disperacion
Cristall shelde of Pallas for Dispayre
Therto auoyde the soule Abusion
And who that maketh his Inuocacion
To this name with herte of stablenes
It gyueth hym strenghte is also liberines.

¶ The cruell fyre and brennynge to withstonde
Of lecherye and all temptacion
It is refuyte to see zche to vonde
That haue therin her hole affeccion
Whose vertue was to kynge Salamon
Full longe afore in deuine oracle
As I fynde shewed by myracle.

¶ Howe Prophetes and Martyrs suffred deth
for the name of Jesus. Capi. lxiiii.

THis is the name of Prophetes specified
In her writynge and in her bokes olde
Of apostles moste hyghly magnefyed
By whose vertue they the trouthe tolde
This made also martyrs to beholde
And mighty lyke sterue champyons
With stable herte to suffre her passions.

¶ By this name they were victorious
In her torment pacience to haue
This is the name that Ignatius
Had in his herte of golde depe ygraue

Wherof the tyrannt ganchyte hath abuse
Whan that he sawe his sheete entre wayne
And letters fle wel espeite in euery playne.

¶ This is the name that to confessoures
Was full repaste in hys abstinence
This is the name that in chaspe shoures
Of fleschely luste was hole her defence
It gaue them myght to make resistence
Agayne synne and mightily to wastepe
And to continue in vertue till they depe.

¶ It is the fesse and the figured sode
Of maydenhede and of virginite
The Oyle of grace holsom to all gode
Whiche in the lampes of parfyte chastite
Brennynge so clere with loue and chastite
That worldy wyndes boystous & blowynge
Ne maye nat quenche the light of his shynynge.

¶ This is the name that ayoste gpueth melodie
Unto the este and hys swetest soun
It is the name of heuenly armonie
To voyde out synne and all temptation
With full accorde agaynst deuision
It causeth hertes no lenger to debate
That parted ben with the wreste of hate.

¶ This name is toye of sorowfull in distresse
Eternall mede of hem that lyuen in blisse
Salue vnto hem that langour in sekenesse

Uesture in colde/to hem that clothes mys
Souerayne repaste/hongry for to wys
For to alcape/the cruell vyolence
Of nedes swerde/whetted with indigence

¶Chriſte is the name of ſothfaſte ſacramente
That fyrſte was gyuen of holy vnccion
And he was called fyrſte for this entent
For he for man/ſholde make oblacion
And for he came/for our ſaluacion
To ſocoure awaye the ruſte of all our blame
He hath of Jeſus/worthely the name.

¶I fynde in bokes of olde antiquite
In his writynge/as clerkes liſte expreſſe
How there were foure perſones of degre
Somtyme anoynte/for her worthynes
Some for manhede/& ſome for holynes
With obſeruaunce and ſolempnite
As was conuenable vnto her degre.

¶Prophetes preſtes/& they that beren crownes
As worthy kynges/of euery regyon
Apoynted weren/& mighty Champiounes
Within palaſtre/thrughher hyghrenownes
Or in champcioſe/hardy as Lyon
Entre wolde ſome quarell to darreyne
Singulerly by empryſe of hem tweyne.

¶And Chriſte was all by reaſon/as Ayreus
Firſte prophete/by inſormacion

And by his doctryne/moste worthy of belefe
And he was eke the mighty champyon
That singulerly for our saluacion
Faught with the fende/& hym outhym bestryde
Maugre his might/& wanne the Palme of glorie

¶ And he was prefte men to reconsile
That banished was out of his heritage
Whome a Serpent falsely dyd exyle
Of false malice/in a sodayne rage
And he was borne onely by lignage
To be a kynge/and by power eterne
Whan he is crowned/his people to gouerne.

¶ Howe Christe Iesu was both prophete prefte
kynge and mighty champyon

Capitulo. xxvi.

O We Christe Iesu/of thy fre prefte & kynge
And for our kynde/most worthy warriour
Prophet also/and trouth in kynge
Be thou our helpe/be thou our socoure
And lyke a kynge/be thou our gouernoure
And champyon to helpe vs in our nede
And lyke a prophete/to wysshen vs and rede.

¶ O Christe Iesu to the I crepe and crye
Fro daye to daye/to helpe vs and reskue
And of thy grace/vs wretches for to gye
Or that thou thy rightwysnes pursue
Let pyte fyrste theto mercy meue

And oz thy ſwerde of vengeaunce hs manaces
Let tronthe afoze thy rightfull dome enbzace.

¶ Foz of our helpe/ thou arte the pyllere
Agayne diſpayze/ hooly our ſuſtenaunce
Our ſtrengthe/ our mighte/ our refuite ſet ā nere
In eche perille to ſaue vs from miſchaunce
Thou arte our foze/ and our ſuſtenaunce
And in miſchief/ whan dzede wolde vs aſſayle
Thou arte our ſhelde/ thou arte our ſuppoztayle.

¶ Thou arte mighty/ and thou arte meke alſo
Thou arte rightfull/ and thou arte merciable
Lambe and Lyon/ called bothe two
And ſothfaſte kynge/ whoſe reygne is immutable
To repentaunte/ by rygour nat vengeable
And euer afozne/ in ponyſhynge of thy lawe
Peace to preferre/ oz right his ſwerde may dzawe

¶ And to bzynge the loſte ſhepe agayne
Out of deſerte into his paſture
That was errant pale/ and in vayne
O Chriſte Jeſu of thy benigne cure
Woze redy ay to ſaue and to cure
All that ben loze/ ā ſcabbed eke with ſynne
Rather with pyte/ than thou with reddur wynne.

¶ Nowe thou that arte the very rightfull ligne
All that is croked/ goodely to redzeſſe
And mayſter of mercy/ all our miſchyefe hyne
O Chriſte Jeſu/ well of all ſweteneſſe

Lorde of pyte/a lorde of ryghtfulnes
Haue vpon vs this dayes compassion
That called is the circumcision.

¶ And graunte vs grace/with dewe reuerence
This hygh feste/so noble and so digne
Worshippe & halowe/deuoyde of all offence
And be to vs goodely and benigne
That were this daye marked with the signe
And the caracte/by the lawe ordeyned
Is very soth/and nothynge feyned.

¶ And so as thou/that neuer dyd trespasse
Throwe thy meknesse/and lowly subiection
Suffre woldest/this dayes of thy grace
For our offence/haue circumcision
So kytte from vs all temptacion
Of worldly luste/& make the flesshe to serue
To the spyryte/till the body sterue.

¶ And graunte vs grace/to lyue chaste & clene
O Christe Jesu/whyle that we ben here
Throwe the prayer/of that heuenly quene
That is mayde and mother eke in fere
With helpe of her/graunte vs this newe yere
So prudently/with vertue vs proupde
Our vyces all/that we maye circumstride.

¶ And Christe Jesu/we praye vnto the
Kepe thy name/whether we ryde or goon
In eche perill/and eche aduersite

Be our defence/ agaynste our mortall foe
To make hem stande stille as any stone
And all that casten vs falsely to worey
Make her malice/ mekely to obeye.

¶ To thy name/ & make hem stande all backe
Or they haue power to haunte her cruell might
And wicked spirites/ so horrible & blacke
That bely ben to wayte vs dayes and night
Lete thy name dryue hem out of sight
And in our forhede/ whan we Jesu impresse
Make vs of grace/ her malice to oppresse.

¶ For to thy name/ holy we commende
Our lyfe/ our deth body/ herte and all
Our soule also/ whan we hense wende
O Christe Jesu/ o lorde Immortall
Prayenge to the/ whan thou vs deme shall
To saue all tho/ from eternall shame
That haue full faythe/ & hole triste in thy name.

¶ Howe by the propherte of Balaã watche
was made vpon an hyll. Capi. lxvii.

THou lorde/ whose light descendeth fro so
Thorowe ỹ roũdenes of ỹ speres.ix.(ferre
Without en whome Phebus/ ne no sterre
Upon heuen/ power hath to shyne
Let nowe thy light/ my derknes enlumyne
That thorowe thyne helpe/ I maye my style gye
Som what to sey/ of thyne Epiphanie.

Of our Lady. Cc.iii.

¶ To se this sterre/ made so many steringe
On the heuenly thean it shone appere
The worthy kynges/ as made is mencion
Upon the hyll/ to gyder gone in fere
For cause they/ whos lore to here
Were of the stocke of Balaam do was descended
Wherfore of sorte/ the hyll they be ascended.

¶ As hyll on hem/ by custome to succede
At a certeyne of the yere by reuolucion
And on this hyll/ eest werde they toke hede
By good auise/ in her inspeccion
The same night/ of the Incarnacion
Whan Christe was borne in Bethleem of Marie
The same houre/ the Sterre they aspye.

¶ Of newe arysen in the Orieyte
Full lusty/ of whome the beames light
Gan enlumine all the firmament
From easte to weste/ it gaue so clere a light
That of the sterres/ euery mayne wight
Aloned was/ they were so bright a shene
And to the eye/ full pleasant for to sene.

¶ The whiche Sterre/ drowe his course of right
Towarde the hyll/ lyke as bokes tell
Where the kynges/ the longe wynters night
Ay to abyde/ solitarie dwell
And there anone/ vpon her knees fell
And thanked god with all her herres luste
Whiche hath nat hem defraude of her luste.

Howe the thre kynges perceyued the sterre
Capitulo. lxix.

AND all that night to gyder as they woke
Upon this sterre/that shone so fayre & clere
And sodaynly vpwarde/as they gan loke
They sawe a chylde/aboue the sterre appere
So yonge/so fayre/in a golden spere
Full rotally sanded/and aboue his hede
A large crosse/that was of blode full rede.

THe whiche chylde spake to hem anone
Aboue the hyll/with voyce and chere benigne
And bad hem faste/that they sholde gone
In to Juda/right as any lyne
And folowe alwaye the sterre for a signe
That shall hym bryng to that region
Where the kynge moste worthy of renoun.

TWas borne that tyme/to haue the regallye
Of Jewes lande/of very dewe right
To whome the sterre dyd specefye
Whan he was borne/with his clere light
And they anone/whan passed was the night
The nert morowe/no lenger liste abyde
But towarde hym/caste hym for to ryde.

TWith greate araye/and royall aparayle
As was littynge/to theyr worthynes
They shope hem forth/& for they wolde nat fayle
To do honoure to his noblenes

¶ To gyue hym clerely informacion
Wther exploite and of the chylde also
Surely affermynge by false collucion
That he hym selfe wolde sone after go
Unto the chylde and his deuoyr do
To worshippe hym & all vnder coloures
As the Worme or Serpent vnder floures.

¶ Warily full ofte & kepeth hym couertly
Of kynde malice tyll they atyne se
To shede her venym & than sodaynly
All atones whan they vnwarest be
They stynge and shewyn her cruelte
And her venym vnder floures layr
Full ofte is hyd tyll they maye appayre.

¶ Right so thou Serpent full iniquite
False tygre full of doubleness
Under layr coloure of humilite
Thy venym dareth & also thy falsenes
O thou tyraunt o rote of cursidnes
Thou Herode of malice inoste mortall
What wenest thou hym that knoweth all.

¶ To disceyue with thy slyly wyle
What can suger vnder gall layne
What wenyste thou the kynges to begyle
And of malice bryuge hem in a trayne
Of whose compynge though that thou disdayne
It maye nat helpe playnly ye bayle
For of thy purpose playnly thou shalte fayle.

¶ For by grace/they shullen in quyete
Waugre thy nught all the daunger pas
For though that thou/with wordes hony swete
Maliciously/vpon her deth compas
They shulleu scape/despyte of thy face
For all the conecte/of thy prynces wyse
As the storp shall anone deuyse.

¶ And so with venym/in his herte yloke
He gaue hem leue/passe through his reme
In her repayre/hym castynge to be wroke
If they retorne agayne by Jherusalem
And so the sterre/hem brought to Bethleem
And tyne eight/the chyldes hede aboue
Where as he laye still/gan to houe.

¶ Of the ioye that the kynges had when they founde Christe. Capi. lxxii.

But who the ioye coude tell or endyte
Or with his mouthe/the mythe expres
Or who can playnly with his penne wryte
The greate blisse or the gladnes
Whiche they made in soth fastnes
After her iourney/and her longe wayes
Aboue the house/whan they the sterre seye.

¶ That gan to hem clerely certefye
Without more/the chyldes dwellynge place
And they anone/faste gan hem hye
With lusty herte/and glad of chere and face

To alight bedene in artes space
They chase demaundyd is with reuerence
They entrys in/and came in to presence.

¶ Where as the chylde moste worthy of degree
Was with Maris in a Dres stall
And humbly the kynges all thre
Forth they wente to watche the stall
And brought her tresoure/ yher giftes all
As reuerently as they coude deuise
And hym presented in all her beste wyse.

¶ Lyke as her estate/ eueriche after other
Makynge theyr presente/ with all humilite
Lyke her age/ as brether after other
Golde/ franke/ & Myrrhe/ they gaue hym all thre
After custome of Perse and Caldee
For of that lande/ whan kynges present make
The custome is suche giftes for to take.

¶ And this was done with foyson and plente
In very faith/ and greate habundaunce
For in her presente was no fraude ete
For of richesse/ they had all sufficiaunce
Wherfore they wente with Deuoute obeysaunce
Of due sight/ with the chylde to paste
Of her tresoure/ or that they departe.

¶ And for golde is payed for tribute
As it is founde of antiquite
Therfore the kynges/ for a maner lute

That they hym oughte of hery deute
They brought hym golde out of her coffre
And gaue it hym without repentaunce
Hooly of herte/for a recognisaunce.

¶ And franke also/as clerkes can deuise
Ordeyned is in conclusion
To god onely/to make sacrefise
With contrite herte and deuocion
Therfore to hym for oblacion
They brought franke to signefye than
That he was bothe sothfaste god and man.

¶ And for they wolde in all thynge obeye
To his hygynes/with all her besy cure
In token he sholde for mankynde dye
They brought myrre to his sepulture
For like a man/deth he muste endure
And with his blode/shed in his passion
For our trespace/for to make redempciom.

¶ In franke also/who that can discerne
Is vnderstande the hygh mageste
Of his power/whiche that is eterne
And eke also/his hygh depte
The golde betokeneth his hygh dignite
And myrrhe declareth/vnto vs at all
Of his manhode/that he was mortall.

¶ And golde betokeneth of loue the feruence
That he to man had of affeccion

And Franke betokeneth the souereyne excellence
In holynes his conuersacion
And myrre betokeneth the tribulacion
That he suffred/and all the greate penaunce
For vs in erthe by continuaunce.

¶ In golde he was knowe as a kynge
In Franke a preeste/who so can take hede
Of myrre also this baye the offerynge
Was longynge onely to his manhede
And thus he was withouten any drede
Bothe kynge and preeste/as I discriue can
And for our sake in erthe a mortall man.

¶ In golde also/moste glorious metall
Figured was his hygh deyte
In Franke also/that is so cordiall
The soule also/of Christe moste parfyte of degre
And myrre betokeneth thorowe his dignite
His flesshe/the whiche by disposicion
Maye neuer suffre no corrupcion.

¶ And of these giftes pallynge reuerente
Full of misterie/& heuenly prriuite
And whan they had made theyr presente
Unto the chylde ay sittynge on her knee
And with greate aupte/they began beholde & see
Tofore that they remeue from that place
His godely chere/and his fayre face.

¶ Considerynge his feteres by and by

With greete insight/and humble entencion
And ay the moze they loke besely
The moze they thynke in her inspeccion
And thoughten alwaye/as in her reason
Though kynde of god/hath sette in one figure
The beaute hooly of euery creature.

¶ It might nat in lothenes/heuen ben liche
To his fayznes/neyther peregall
Foz he that is aboue nature riche
Hath made this chylde/fayzeste in speciall
Foz in his face/they beholden all
The hole beaute/and fayznes eke also
Of heuen and eerthe/to gyder bothe two.

¶ Wherfoze no wonder/though they hem delyte
Hoste passingly vpon hym to se
Foz they in herte retoysen hem nat slyte
On hym to loke/that they haue liberte
Foz ay the moze playnly that they be
In his presence/the parfyte hote fyze
Of hertely ioye/hem bzente in delyze.

¶ And of one thynge good hede they toke
Howe that the chylde/demurely caste his sight
Towarde hem/and godely gan to loke
On her faces/with his eyen bzight
And howe that he put his armes right
Goodely to hem makynge a maner signe
To them of thankynge/with chere full benigne.

¶ And of his mother/ they moche thynge enquere
Touchynge his brother with humble affection
And she answereth mo stefemynyne of chere
Full prudently to euery question
With chere demure/ and lobe praste adowne
With all the porte of womenly clennes
Her selfe demenynge/ chefely with mekenes.

¶ Of vertuous pouerte and mekenes of one Lady .*. Capitulo. lxxvii.

O She that was of heuen and erthe quene
And of hell lady and pynces
O what was she/ alas that might sustene
To be proude considered her mekenes
Aprode alas/ o rote of our distres
Though thy booste aboue the skye blowe
Thy byloynge/ hygh shalbe brought full lowe.

¶ O Surquedrie/ alas why nilte thou se
Howe that she had heuen in her demeyne
And lady is bothe of lande and see
And of the aytre/ betwene the poles tweyne
And of the enbracynge/ of the golden cheyne
yet vnto her/ I saye in sothfastnes
Aboue all this/ agreyed her mekenes.

¶ O pompe elate/ with thy cheres bolde
Remembre and se/ and loke howe that she
Of whome kynges haue lope to beholde
In her presence to knele on her kne

Though she of women/be hyest in degree
Take hede & se howe louly in a stable
Howe that she sat this lady honourable.

¶ Were there of golde any clothes founde
Of Sylke Damaske/or ryche Tartayne
Or whas there Aras aboute her hede bounde
Or was there any Uelwet Crymsyne
Or was there any Sampte or Satyne
Or were there any Tappytes/large or wyde
The naked grounde/to couer or to hyde.

¶ Or was her paleys bylte of lyme and stone
Or the pylers set on marbell graye
Or the grounde pauyd on to gone
Or fresshe parlours/glased bright as day
Or were therin chambres of araye
Or for estates/was there any hall
Saue a Dongeon/and an Oxes stall.

¶ Or of her bed was the appareyle
Of Golde & Sylke/for syned large aboute
Or were the sheres of longe or wyde entayle
Kytte out of raynes/naye without doute
Or were there any ladyes for to loute
To her hyghnes/with besy obseruaunce
Or of maydens any attendaunce.

¶ As me semeth of very dewe right
ye women all sholden take hede
With your Perles/and your stones bright
Howe that our quene/floure of womanhede
Of our Lady. Ee.ii.

Of no deuyse embrowded hath her wede
Ne furred with Ermyne with Chrystes graye
Ne Martyrs ne Sabil I trowe in good fayth.

C Was none founden in her garmente
And yet she was the fayrest for to se
That euer was vnder the firmamente
That me semeth ye sholden haue pyte
To se a lady of so hygh degre
So semely atyred as ye women all
So narowe closed in an Oxes stall.

C Let be your pryde and your affeccion
Of riche araye & nothynge you delite
In worldly pompe and suche abusion
Of cloudry clothes rede blacke and whyte
And be well ware of the spere byte
Of cruell deth and the fell smerte
My counceil is to lyfte vp your herte.

C To that lady & to that worthy quene
That you may beste helpe in your nede
And you releue in euery wo and tene
And delyuer from all mischyef and drede
And thynke playnly & take right good hede
That all shall passe araye & eke riches
When ye leste wene & all your semelines.

C Let hem afore be to a Kalendere
Iowde Elayne and eke Polycene
Hester also and Dido with her chere

And riche Candace/of Ethiope quene
Lygge they nat grene/vnder colours grene
And yet all this/maye nat your pryde atame
Nat withstandynge/that ye shall do the same.

¶ And after deth abydeth no memorie
For ay with deth/cometh forget fulnes
And fare well than araye/and all vayneglorie
Saue onely vertue/that standeth in sikernes
I take recorde of the hygh meknes
Of her that is of holwes well
Of whome I thynke/lothely for to tell.

¶ Howe that she satte/for all her worthynes
Holdynge her childe/lowly on the grounde
And kynges knelynge/as ye haue herde erpres
Beholdynge her in vertue moste habounde
Till at the laste/they haue a leyser founde
To take her leue/and the same night
They gan to ryde homwarde all her might.

¶ Howe the Angell warned the thre kynges to passe not by Herodes/but by another waye. Capi. lxxiiii.

AND suynge after on the nexte night
Whyle they slepte at her lodgynge place
Came an Angell apperynge with greate light
And warned hem/that they nought ne trace
By Herodes/but that they sholde pace
Withouten taryenge/in all the haste they maye
To her kyngdome by another waye.

¶ And in shorte tyme to theyr regyon
Theyben repayred/ the Gospell telleth thus
And other names to make mencion
The firste in Hebrew was called Appelleus
The next Amerus/ the thyrde Damarus
And in Grebe/ the fierde Galgatha
And Sarachin the thyrde Malgalatha.

¶ And in Latine/ as bokes make mynde
The firste of hem named was Jasper
And the seconde/ playnly as I fynde
Lyke myne auctour reherse as I dar
Called was/ and named Balthasar
And the thyrde/ ye gete of me no more
As I rede/ was called Melchior.

¶ Of whose repayre/ as some bokes seyne
That firste of all/ they wenten to the see
And retorninge to her kyngdom agayne
They shipped hem at Tharse the cyte
For whiche Herode/ of cursed cruelte
In Tharse made all the shippes brenne
Wherof wyte Dauid the Saulter if ye kenne.

¶ And vnto you clerely to sperkle
Touchynge this feste/ and this solempnite
Wherof is sayde this worde Epiphanie
Whiche is a worde of greate auctorite
And sayde/ and compouned/ who so can se
Of Epi hyrin/ and Phanos soth to sayne
And one worde compouned of these tweyne.

¶ Cometh this worde of Epiphanie
And this worde Epi by discripcion
Is sayde of heyghe/as I can signifye
And ofa shewynge/by demonstracion
As Phanos sayde/and so by good reason
Epi and Phanos/ bothe knytte in fere
Is a shewynge/that doth a lofte appere.

¶ And for this day/alofte was the sterre
Whiche Christes byrthe/and incarnacion
With his streames gan shede from so ferre
From easte to weste/in many a region
Wherof this feste in conclusion
As ye tofore haue herde me specefie
This feste is called of Epiphanie.

¶ The whiche feste hath a prerogatyfe
Of myracles notable in speciall
For thynges foure/wrought in Christes lyfe
Weren on this day by his power ryall
The fyrste of all/for a memoryall
Is of the kynges/as ye haue herde me sayne
Whiche were in ydell/to reherce agayne.

¶ The seconde is/it is sothely tolde
That Christe Jesu this day of sayne Johan
The yere whan he was thyrty wynter olde
Baptised he was in the flom Jordayne
At whiche tyme/three kynges vnder one
Appered this day/worthy of memorie
The fyrste was that from the hygh glorie.

¶ The fathers hoyce/ as clerke a lyke endyte
Came downe to erthe/ that men myght here
In lyke a dowue/ with fayr fedrees whyte
The holy ghoste also dyd appere
And Christe Jesu the fathers sone entere
This daye appertynge in our mortall kynde
Was of cayut Johan Baptiste as I fynde.

¶ And for as moche/ as they all thre
This daye were sene/ by sothfaste apparence
They beynge one/ in parfyte vnite
Therfore this daye of moste reuerence
Named is truely in this sentence
Theophanos for god in treble wyse
Therin appered as ye haue herde deuyse.

¶ For Theos is as moche for to mene
As god in englisshe/ ryght lyke to se
And Phanos/ as the wynge withouten wene
As ye haue herde afore rehersed of me
For in erthe/ o god in trinite
This daye appesed withouten any lye
ye truely may it calle Theophanie.

¶ Eke whan Criste was olde thyrtyquere
This daye he tourned water in to wyne
That passyngly was to the eye clere
And of tarrage/ truly good and fyne
The whiche he sent to Archedecyne
And for this myracle/ truly hertuous
In Galilee was shewed in an hous.

¶ This same daye/ whiche man dyd eſpye
As holy chuerche maketh mencion
Therfore it is named Bethphanie
For beth in engliſſhe by diſcripſion
Is called a houſe or a mancion
Of whiche myracle renomed of fame
Bethphanie this daye hath the name.

¶ Eke in the yere of his paſſion
Fet in deſerte / this daye alſo I rede
With loues hyue/ thorough his greate foyſon
Fyue thouſande I fynde/ that he dyd fede
Of whiche myracle/ yf ye taken hede
This day is laſte named Phagiphanie
Lyke as firſte was cleped Epiphanie.

¶ For this worde Phagi in to our entente
Is layde of fedynge/ of refeccion
For whiche myracle paſſynge excellence
That is ſo famous/ & ſo hygh of renoun
Lyke as the Goſpell maketh mencion
Therfore this daye amonge the other all
Ye luſtely may it Phagiphanie call.

¶ A declaracion of the thre Kynges of theyr thre gyftes. Capitulo. lxxv.

NOwe Chriſte Jeſu this day this hygh feſte
We the beſeche/ with herte/ will/ & thought
Onely of mercy/ to here our requeſte
For the myracles/ that thou therin haſte wrought
For loue of hem/ that the ſo ferre haue ſought

The worthy kynges that came out of Caldee
The to honoure / in Bethlem the cyte.

And through the prayers of these kynges thre
That for thy loue / token her passage
Jesu defende vs from all aduersite
And make vs stronge / & sure in our passage
In this exyle / and parlous pylgrimage
Whyle out fo men of malice / and of payne
Whiche haue vs bylette an euery lyde.

The whiche our golde / of parfyte charite
Wolden vs bryeue by persecution
That we shulde offre of feruente vnto the
Of hertely loue / and hygh deuocion
And eke our Franke of contemplacion
Wherwith he shulde make our sacrifise
Of hygh disdayne and malice they dispise.

For Golde of trouthe / is falsely nowe alayed
By fayned loue / and symulacion
And fayth with fraude / is corrupt & frayed
With double tonges and detraccion
Our Franke also / of hygh perfeccion
That sholde brenne clere aboue the skye
Is with the code medlide of enuye.

That it alas / grue may no lighe
In the centre of true affeccion
For day of trouthe / is tourned in to nighe
Thorowe false report / and falle suspeccion

And thus good lyfe/is rolled by to downe
And true menynge/derked with a lye
That we in Englisshe callen flatterye.

¶ And thus out of kynde/ goeth almoste wronge
Of Golde/of Franke/for ought I can clypse
And our Wyfe hath behynde full longe
As to preserue/from all suche trecherye
For now we is torned/into Ipocrisye
Our holynes/what is greate ruthe
And cause why/for fraude hath banysshed truthe.

¶ But Thrise Jesu/ that all this may ste amende
And that is amysse/in erthe state redres
This hygh feste/ suche grace to vs sende
That we the Golde of stablenes
And eke the Franke of parfyte holynes
May on this day present vnto the
With all true herte/as dyd these kynges thre.

¶ And graunte also/bothe to hygh and lowe
To haue suche Wyfe in her a vertence
That euery wyght/his owne faultes knowe
And that no man be hasty of sentence
To deme lightly before/or in absence
For sodeyne dome/ meynte with ygnorsaunce
Hath a longe tayle/the wynge of repentaunce.

¶ For in sothnes/if that euery man
Wolde make a myrrour of his owne mynde
To deme hym selfe/of thynge that he well can

And open his eyen/that hath be longe blynde
To se his fautes/that he coude fynde
I trowe in soth/for any hasty rape.
Harmeles fro dome his felowe tholde ascape.

¶ Howe we shoulde do this offeryng ghostely.
Capitulo. xxvi.

NOwe Christe Jesu ꝑ knowest euery herte
And nothynge may be hyde fro thy ꝑsence
Ne from thyne eye declyne ne asterte
Graunte vs this daye of thy magnificence
The Golde of loue/the Franke of innocence
And the chaste Myrre of clene entencion
So to ꝑsente in our oblacion.

¶ To thyne hyghnes/that it be acceptable
Whyle that we lyue euer from yere to yere
As was the offrynge in Bethleem in a stable
Made vnto the/and to thy mother dere
Of the kynges/that with the streames clere
Of a Sterre conueyed were by grace
Where thou laye/to come to the place.

¶ And vnto the this day/we clepe and call
Thou blessed quene of kynges emperesse
That gaue thy sone soulke in a stall
That chaste mylke of virginall clennes
That thou this feste/o Sterre of holynes
Conueye our offrynge/to that Sterre se
Where next thy sone/thou haste the soueraynte.

¶ And good lady in this sorowfull vale
Of trouble and wo/and of heuines
Sithen thou of Jacob arte the right scale
The waye of lyfe/the Ladder of holinesse
Towarde that contre/the euen waye dresse
And make thy men thyder to assende
[illegible] and loue hath no ende.

¶ For certes lady/in this lyfe we lacke
Of stedfaste ioye/all the fulfisaunce
Saue amonge we knele afore the tacke
Wherwith thy sone was sometyme thy plesaunce.
And vs betoylynge/as by remembraunce
Onely by likenes to loke on thyne ymage
And on thy sone/with his fayre vysage.

¶ But o alas there is but a likenes
Of portrature/that dothe greate offence
For we maye nat haue/full the blessidnes
Of thy vysage/neyther of thy presence
And so to vs greate harme dothe apparence
Whan that we se/of our desyre we fayle
We maye playne/but it maye nat auayle.

¶ Yet day by day/of true affection
We gone of newe/thy likenes for to se
Where of one thynge/we haue compassion
To se the bestes that so humble be
To stande so nere betwene thy sone and the
The rude Asse/and the Oxe also
And than we fayre complaynynge in our wo.

¶ With all our hertes what thynge maye vs be
To se that lorde in a mortal eye
That hath the heuen in his power
And all this worlde/ power hath to gyue
Lo we it is that the regalle
[illegible] is brought downe so lowe
Of heuen [illegible]
That no man liste blame his [illegible]

¶ And sodeynly our hertes gynneth colde
For astonynge/ it is for wo tygh mate
So greate a quene/ whan that we beholde
Alone sittynge all disconsolate
So fayre/ so good/ and so bygh estate
Woste womanly/ and so benigne of chere
Thy sone/ and the to gyder sittynge in fere.

¶ In the bandes of so narowe a dongeon
Wherof all erthe tremble shall and quake
And euery wight by lamentacion
Wepe & playne/ sygbe and sore we make
O blissed quene/ onely for thy sake
To se on the/ none other waytynge
But beskes with hey hym selfe sedynge.

¶ But in one thynge/ comforte yet we fele
O good lady/ sothely yf we se
Thre worthy kynges/ afore thy face knele
Bryngen her giftes with all humilite
And hem gouerne/ lyke to thy degre
With meke attendaunce/ & full besy cure
But all this thynge/ we se but in picture.

¶ Alas the whyle/ & yet it bethe vs eafe
And in party alwageth our greuaunce
For nothynge maye our forowe fo appeafe
As euer of the/ to haue a remembraunce
For vs the lady/ is hoole our fuftenaunce
Though we lyue in langour for thyne abfence
yet good lady for thy magnificence.

¶ To thy feruauntes of thy grace fe
And to thy fone/ be for vs a mene
This hygh feffe/ whiche longeth vnto the
In whiche thou were honoured lyke a quene
With Wyzre/ & Frake/ & Golde/ that fhone fo cleue
Nowe for the honoure/ this day was to the
And for the loue of the kynges thze.

¶ Whan we fhall parte out of this wofull lyfe
And make an ende of this captiuite
Of Herodes thzough his mozfall ftryfe
The fende bytrappe vs thozowe his cruelte
Nowe that tyme lady of thy benignite
Agaynfte the fnares/ of this dzedfull werre
To lyfe eterne/ be thou our loode Sterre.

¶ Howe our Lady was purified.
Capitulo. xxvii.

O Lozie/ and pzyce/ laude/ & hygh honoure
O bleffed quene/ be gyuen vnto the
That were of golde/ the clofe chafte toure
Surely founded vpon humilite

Shette with the kepe of clene delyte
From all fylthe fully to be assayed
And of the holy ghoste/ rounde about enuyred.

¶ That neuer no brennynge of fleshly hete
Assayle might thyne holy tabernacle
With dewe of grace/ thy closette was so wete
Fulfilled with vertue/ onely by myracle
God chase thy wombe for his tabernacle
And halowed it so clene in euery coosse
To make it tractable/ for his owne ghoostе.

¶ Natwithstandynge/ that thou were so clene
Aboue all other by election
Of mekenes onely/ o thou heuenly quene
Thou liste to haue none indignacion
The day to passe of thy purificacion
But to fulfille the precepte of the lawe
In euery thynge/ & nat a poynte withdrawe.

¶ But euen lyke as it is specified
Leuitici who so can vnderstande
To the Temple/ to be purified
Thou mekely come thyne offrynge in hande
All be the lawe lette/ or the no bande
For it is there made mencion
Touchynge the lawe of purificacion.

¶ If a women conceyue by a man
And haue a chylde/ by medlynge hem betwene
That it be a male/ the lawe teacheth than

Fourty dayes that she shulde be vncleene
And kepe her close/that no man shulde her seene
And after that she shulde her offrynge
In lawe expressed/to the Temple bryngе.

¶ But taketh hede in conclusion
Howe this lawe lyke as ye shall fynde
Ne was nat put/but by condicion
Onely to them that corupt weren by kynde
Through touche of man/of suche is made mynde
The dayes nombred of her purgacion
To come and make her oblacion.

¶ And bryngе a lambe/ the whiche in sacrefice
Shulde all be brought in the holy place
And a pygeon/as lawe doth deuise
She shulde eke offre/as for her trespace
And than all fylthe from her to enchace
She of the preste halowed & sacrefied
Retorneth home/and fully purifyed.

¶ And if she had in her possessiou
Redely no lambe/onely for pouerte
Than shulde she take for her oblacion
Two turtell Doues/& therwithall go fre
Or two pygeons/like as ye may se
Leuitici/where as by distinction
Of this offerynge is made discripcion.

¶ But this mayde/who so can take hede
Excluded was fro this condicion

That bare a chylde without manes sede
Beynge euer clene from all corruptcon
Where through/ she was from suche vnlacon
By lawe excepte/ & was vnder no charge
For her clennes/ standynge at her large.

¶ For of her wombe the cloyster virginall
Was euer cliche/ bothe fruite and lafe
Closed & shytte/ as Castell pynerpall
For the holy ghoste/ deuised it and caste
And at bothe tymes shytte as lyke faste
In her chyldynge nomore through grace vnoke
Than at her conceyuynge/ than it was vnloke.

¶ For nature withouten any stryfe
Repugnaunce/ or any resistence
Gaue this maydē prerogatyfe
As mother to haue experience
Onely of chyldynge/ & fele none offence
Nether of lekenes/ ne of suche maner wo
In trauelynge as other women do.

¶ She was excepte from all suche passion
For her clennes/ & so was none but she
And yet her tyme of purification
She dyd abyde of her humilite
And like as lawe ordeyneth by decrete
After all this of custome as she oughte
To the Temple she her offerynge broughte.

¶ To gyue example onely of mekenes

To the lawe she mekely wolde obeye
Fro poynte to poynte/the Gospell sayth expres
And on no syde wolde it nat withsaye
And though that she bare of golde no keye
To bye a lambe/for pouerte constreynynge
yet she full mekely to make her offerynge.

¶Bzought two Turtels/as it is sayde afozne
That was the offrynge of poze folke echone
Whiche to the Temple/whan she hath bozne
As custome was/she offered hem anon
And after that olde Symeon
With humble herte and a full payne
The chylde embzacynge in his armes twayne.

¶Howe Symeon receyued Christe of our Lady in the Temple. Capitulo. lxxviii.

OF his mother goodely gan hym take
Of louynge herte/and greate deuocion
And suche a ioye of hym gan to make
Within hym selfe/of hygh affeccion
That he ne coude nother by wozde ne soun
Outwarde declare/neyther with chere ne face
The passynge ioye that gan his herte embzace.

¶And he was rightfull/holy and vertuous
This olde man/this blessed Symeon
Dzedfull also/and passynge famous
Amonge the pzestes/to reken hem euerichone
That was expectant/and full longe agone

Of the comforte and consolacion
Of Israel in his redempcion.

¶ For he had answer of the holy ghoste
In his prayere that he shulde se
The byrthe of Christe/that is of power moste
And eke for deth/that he shall go fre
To the tyme of his natyvite
And to the daye/that with his eyen olde
The byrthe of hym/that he may beholde.

¶ The whiche day/that with his eyen olde
And for that he by revelacion
The tyme knowe/he hath the waye holde
To the Temple/with hygh devocion
To se of Christe the presentacion
Howe that Marie and Joseph eke also
The chylde presented/and her offeryng do.

¶ And for that Christe was the hyrde borne
After the lawe/in his tender age
Nat of Leui as ye haue herde tofore
But of Juda/comen by lignage
Therfore his mother/moste holy of byage
Her offryng made/lyke nat for to fayle
For hym agayne/to paye shyllynges fyue.

¶ Lyke as the custome of the lawe was
She mekely made his redempcion
And Symeon beholdynge all this cas
Full stylly in his inspection

For loue brennynge by affection
Of very herte/ so dayntly abrayed
Holdynge the chylde/ euen thus he seyed.

¶ Howe where and whan Symeon made
Nunc dimittis seruum tuum dñe secundum
verbum tuum in pace. ⁂ (⁂) ⁂

Capitulo. lxxix.

O Blissfull lorde of thy hygh grace
Sith that thou liste nowe/ thou may ste me lete
Out of this lyfe in rest and peace to pace
And suffre me to dye in quyete
For nowe to me deth is wonder swete
Nowe haue I sene thy helthe and thy socoure
And of mankynde lorde and sauyoure.

¶ Whiche thou haste dyght afore the faces all
Of eche people to make hem glad and light
To lete thy grace/ so to erthe fall
Thorowe all ỹ worlde/ to shewe his bemes bright
That maye be called for comforte of his light
Unto all the gentyles the reuelacion
The glorie also/ and the saluacion.

¶ Of Israel the people in specialle
To voyde hem out of all derkenes
And Marie full meekely listeneth all
And gan mercyple with greate abuisednes
Of the wordes that he gan expres
And Joseph/ eke gan to wonder also

And Symeon hem blessynge bothe two

¶ Spake to Marie/and sayde in audience
Beholde and se in thyne inspection
Howe he is put in ruyne and offence
Of many one here in his region
And to some in resurrection
That shall releue thoro we his mighty grace
And thoro we thy soule/shal a sharpe swerde pace.

¶ Of hertely wo/to se his passion
That passyngly shall be bitter and fell
To opene hertes by confession
Her soroufull thoughtes/openly to tell.
And Anna thaughtes of Phanuell
Borne of the Trybe of the kynrede
Called Aser/sothely as I rede.

¶ Of the ioye that Anna the doughtes of
Phanes had/whan Christe was offred
in to the Temple
Capitulo. lxxx.

¶ What was that daye ronne fer in age
Within the Temple by contynuaunce
Sole by her selfe out of mariage
Laye night and daye/in fastynge & penaunce
In wydowe abyte/sade of countenaunce
And in prayer was her busy cure
Whiche in that houre of grace oz auenture.

¶ Whā Christ was there / with his mother dere
In the tyme of his oblacion
This Anna came / demure and sade of chere
And vnto hym / with greate deuocion
Whan she hym sawe / fyll on knees downe
Recomforted of all her olde smerte
Hym honourynge with all her hoole herte.

¶ Sayde openly that all might here
Be the mery and lighte / in your entencion
And euery man be glad / and of good chere
For nowe is borne for our saluacion
He that shall make our redemption
This yonge chylde / blessed muste he be
That me hath graunted his face for to se.

¶ And than in soth / whā euery thynge was done
After the lawe withouten exception
And than Anna and holy Symeon
Had of this chylde made declaracion
As ye haue herde in conclusion
This chylde & Joseph / and this mayde fre
Retourned home agayne in to Galile.

¶ A profytable declaracion of the properties
of the Turtell / and the Doue
Capitulo. lxxxi.

NOwe as me semeth in this hye feste
That named is the Purification
Euery man ought to be glad and mery

And with good herte/ and holy entencion
Deuoutely bynge his oblacion
And offre fyrste the turtell of innocence
Of hetty mekenes/ and hertely pacience.

¶ And who ỹ wolde this offynge make aright
He maye nat fayle/ none of bothe two
Fyrste shyne in clennes/ with his chaste light
As the Turtell/ and therwith also
Lyche the Doue / bothe in wele and wo
His herte daunte so by temperaunce
To voyde rancour/ and plante in sufferaunce.

¶ And as the Turtell by contemplacion
For synne sorowyth with greate waymentynge
Onely for loue/ of thylke eternall dilection
That lasteth ay/ and hath none endynge
And as the byrthe sheweth the compynge
Of grene wherwith frel she byrdes newe
Right so of vertue/ with floures fayre of hewe.

¶ He muste exampell of the Turtell take
And be well ware/ that he nat ne varye
But lyue sole whan he hath loste his make
And in prayer be also solitarie
And loke alwaye that he nat ne tarye
On no careyne of no fleshly bede
And with all this to take also hede.

¶ That he his lyfe leue nat in vayne
But like a Doue tuely alyue

Where hys ofspryng gadet maye the grayne
And that he fle nat out of company
Waytynge alle the galle of envye
And that he haue ay indignacion
Of synfull luste out of corruption.

¶ Of any careyne to holler hym and fede
And euermore with all his busy payne
Eschewynge synne/loue god and drede
And with the Doue sygthe and compleyne
For his offence/and with wynges twayne
Take his flight as ferforth as he can
Thorowe parfyte loue/bothe to god and man.

¶ And as the Doue touchet eke her make
Onely with kissynge/whan they to gyder gone
So moste he :whether he slepe or wake
Thorowe chastite/set his herte in one
And lyke as Doue maketh his neste of stone
This is to seye amonge all his pleasaunce
He muste his flesshe daunte with penaunce.

¶ And as the Dous with her eyen mene
Of kynde aspyeth amyd the Riuere
The Haukes shadowe/whan he dothe her lene
Sechynge his repaste/bothe ferre and nere
Right so muste he with parfyte eyen clere
Amyd the waters full of wo and stryfe
In the wawes of his mortall lyfe.

¶ The dedely shadowe of the fende eschewe

That wayteth hym with snares large & huge
And to the deth/ ay dothe hym pursewe
To trappe hym here in hys deluge
And lyke a Doue fle to hys refuge
By grace onely if he maye escape
Or deth bytraye hym with hys sodeyne trape.

¶ And who so by clennes/ with the Turtell fleeth
As I tofore haue made mencion
And lyke a Doue afore his perill fleeth
Of deth to eschewe the persecution
And can be meke in tribulation
I dare recorde it/ wyte it for soth
Truely to god/ he his offeryng doth.

¶ And who that euer liueth in chastite
And hath enuy enclosed in his herte
He maye well offre/ what so that he be
To god a Turtell/ but the Doue nought
Wherfore they muste be to gyther brought
That clennes by sothfaste vnite
Without partyng/ be knytte with charite.

¶ And forthely than there is no more to sayne
Whan his offeryng and oblation
Is iustely made to god of bothe tweyne
It is accepted of more deuocion
And for to make a shorte discripcion
Of the Turtell/ and the Doues kynde
Redeth these verses/ and ye shull it fynde.

¶ Alys petit turtur cantando gemit dolens Uer
Nunciat et casse viuit solus que moratur
Pullos nocte fouet moritorum que fugit
Errantes legat volitat sociata cadauera vitat
Felle care plangit socium que per oscula tangit
Petra dat huic nidum fugit hoste fluuie visum
Rostro non ledit geminos pullos bene nutrit.

¶ This feste also bothe of more and lesse
Throughe out the worlde in euery region
Called is the feste of Candelmesse
For sondry skylles in conclusion
As olde bokes make mencion
And howe this feste fyrste toke his name
So as I can to you I wyll atame.

¶ Howe Candelmasse toke firste the name.
Capitulo. lxxxii.

SOmtyme whan Rome through his hye re-
Was moste flourige in power & might (nou
Euery fyfthe yere by reuolucion
In Februarie vpon the firste night
Eche man and chylde with a taper light
Went in the cyte two and two a pas
Unto a Temple whiche sacred was.

¶ To Februa of olde fundacion
That mother was to Mars omnipotente
In whose honoure this procession
Ordeyned was by greate auysemente

At eche lustre wenynge in her entente
That her power and greate worthynes
Preserued was throughe helpe of this goddes.

¶ From all assaute of euery aduersayre
Supposynge fully in her oppinion
That she fortune made debonayre
For to susteyne the honoure of her towne
And throughe her helpe and meditacion
That mighty Mars/ to encrease her glorie
In all conqueste gaue to hym glorie.

¶ For whiche cause/throughout the cyte
As ye haue herde of hygh & lowe estate
Was fyrste ordeyned this solempnite
In the Temple that was consecrate
To Februa the goddes fortunate
Thorowe helpe of whome they were victorious
And so this custome superstitious.

¶ In Rome towne / as myne auctor seyth
Obserued was/ longe and many a daye
yet after that / they tourned to the feyth
But euer in one/ this ryte they kepte alwaye
For olde customme is harde to put awaye
And also vsage greueth folke full sore
To do awaye that they haue kepte yore.

¶ But at the laste Pope Sergius
Of the people seynge this errour
And that the customme was full perylous

Dyde his deuoyze/and also his labours
That ryte to chaunge in to the honoure
Of our Lady/so that this hye feste
From the hyest downe to the loweste.

¶ Euery man and woman in her hande
To the Temple shulde a taper bzynge
Thozowe out the wozlde/*in euery manet lande*
And therwithall make her offrynge
After the Gospell/the pzestes hand kissynge
With light solempne/that all might it sene
In honoure onely of the heuen quene.

¶ That best may be our mediatrice
To her sone/that is without fayle
Bothe lozde and kynge/and she imperatrice
Of lande and see/of peace and of batayle
Withouten whome/no conquest maye auayle
Foz she hath power moze in sothfastnes
Than Febzua of Rome the goddes.

¶ And thus this ryte was vtterly refused
By Sergius as ye haue herde deuise
That was afozne of hem of Rome vsed
Full many a daye in her paynym wyse
Whome to shewe all Chzisten muste despise
And of Candels/whan this rite gan passe
Came the name fyzste of Candelmasse.

¶ This feste also/of full longe agone
The name toke of the pzocession
Of our Lady.

Made of Anna and holy Symeon
When they hym mete with greate deuocion
Brought to the Temple to this oblacion
As was the lawe custome and vsaunce
Of holy churche for a remembraunce.

¶ Obserued forthe fro yere to yere
Of Febryary on the fyfte daye
With sacred light/ vpon taperis clere
Shynynge as bright/ as Phebus in Maye
Whan the people/ in what they can or maye
Full redy ben of one entencion
To make in figure a presentacion.

¶ Of Christe Jesu with all her full might
Signefied/ who so can take hede
By the tapre/ that we offre light
For fyfte the ware betokeneth his manhede
The weke his soule/ the fyre his godhede
For as the ware is made of newe
Thorowe small bees of floures freshe of hewe.

¶ Thorowe clennes/ onely and diligent labour
On blossomes gadred/ & to hyue brought
So Christes manhode/ growe out of a floure
Whose freshe beaute of colour fadeth nought
For a mayde clene/ in will and thought
Lyche as ware of floure sote and glade
Is tryed out/ and bothe hem nat to fade.

¶ So Christe Jesu conseruynge her clennes

His manhode toke of a mayde fre
She standynge hole flourynge in kayrenes
With all the freshenes of virginite
And as a tapze is one to gether on thze
So thylke lozde/that is bothe thze and one
Toke fleshe and blode/to saue vs euerychone.

¶ Of a mayde/whiche this daye fro Bethleem
Wekely wente to be purified
To the Temple of Jerusalem
As her tofozne/it is specified
In whose honour/this feste is magnefied
Of all Chriſten men/with freshe tapzes shene
To signefye/who so that will be clene.

¶ Muste offre a taper to gether made of thze
Of feythe and werke/and true entencion
Foz lothfastly/but they conioyned be
Withoute partynge oz deuision
Nother his offrynge ne oblacion
Howe fayze outwarde/playnly that it seme
To god aboue/it maye neuer queme.

¶ And though his taper bzenne bzight all daye
And enuiron make his light to shede
If werke of fayth/prolonged be awaye
And true entent/folowe nat the dede
Fare well his guerdon/his merite & his mede
Foz whan these thze be nat knytte in one.
He is nat able to offrynge foz to gone.

¶ For if these thre to gyder be nat meynte
Feyth/ werke/ and hoole entencion
His offrynge fareth but as a taper queynte
That gyueth no light/ but brightnes enuiron
For derke of dede from all deuocion
His offrynge is/ but if this thre
Be knette in one/ thorowe perfyte vnite.

¶ Nowe Christe / that art the sothfaste holy light
The hert of man for to enlumyne
Upon vs wretches/ for thy see so bright
Lete the Sonne of thy mercy shyne
For loue of her/ that is a pure virgyne
Whiche on this daye to the Temple went
Of mekenes onely the for to present.

¶ Thorowe whose prayer/ lorde of thy might
Graunte vs grace/ whan we be olde
And shall dye to holde our tapers light
To fore thy see/ where that it is tolde
Seuen Chaundelars/ all of pure golde
Freshely with light standeafore thy face
Thider to come of mercy/ graunt vs grace.

¶ And in this exyle/ where as we sojourne
Graunt vs lorde whyle that we ben here
In February/ as Phebus dothe retourne
The circuite of his golden spere
Upon this daye / ay fro yere to yere
With tapers fresshe/ and bright torches shene
To kepe and halowe/ in honoure of that quene/

¶ To whoms this feste is in spectall
Dedicat bothe of nuoye and lasse
Whiche bare her chylde in a litell stall
Betwene an Oxe and a selly Asse
And blessed quene / this feste of Candelmasse
To thy seruauntes / shelde and socour be
To kepe and saue from all aduersite.

¶ Here endeth the boke of the lyfe of our Lady
made by Dan Johñ Lydgate mõke of bury
at thynstaũce of ꝑ moste cristẽ kynge:
kynge Henry the fyfth .*.

¶ Go litell boke / and submitte the
Vnto all them / that the shall rede
Or here / prayenge hem for charite
To pardon me of the rudehede
Of myne enprysynge / nat takynge hede
And if ought be done to theyr plesynge
Saye they these balades folowynge.

¶ Sancte ꝛ indiuidue Trinitate / Jesu Christi
crucifixi humanitati gloriose beate Marie virgi-
ni / sit sempiterna gloria / ab omni creatura / per ꝯ
finita seculorum secula. Amen .*.

¶ Unto the holy and vndeuided Trinite
Thre persones in one very godhede
To Jesu Christe crucefied humanite
And to our blessed ladyes maydenhede
We gyuen laude and glorie in verey hede

Of euery creature/what soeuer he be
Wolde withouten ende/Amen saye all we.

¶ Benedictum sit dulcissime nomē Jesu Christi/
et gloriosissime Marie matris eius meterni & vi
tra. Nos cū ple pia benedicat virgo Maria. Amē.

¶ Blessed be the swettest name of our lorde
Jesu Christe/and moste glorious Marie
His blessed mother/with eternall accorde
More than euer/to endure in glorie
And with her mekē sone for memorie
Blesse vs Marie/the moste holy virgine
That we reygne in heuen with the orders nyne.

¶ Here endeth the lyfe of our Lady .*.

¶ Imprynted at London in the Flete-
strete/by me Robert Redman/dwellynge in
saynt Dunstones parysshe/next ȳ chur-
che. In the yere of our lorde god.
M.CCCCC.xxxj. The
fyrste daye of the moneth
of Nouembre .*.